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THE NEW REPUBLIC

The March Of Freedom, Korea-Style

Morton Kondracke reports from Seoul

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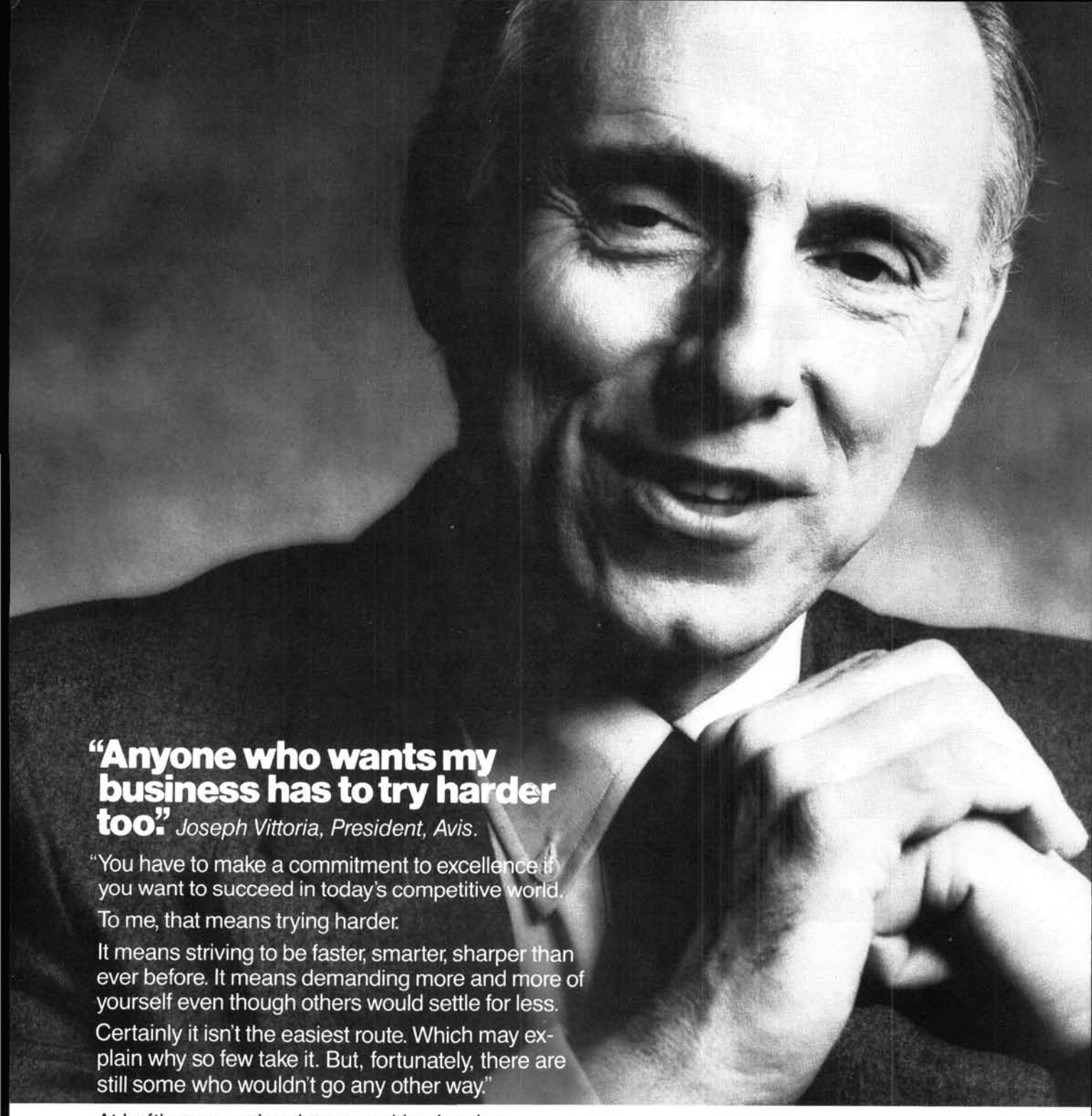

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,784

WASHINGTON, D.C. — JULY 27, 1987

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

TIME'S UP

A year from now, no one will be talking much about AIDS anymore. That's not a prediction about the course of the disease, which will probably be right on schedule—heading for 300,000 or so cases and 200,000 fatalities by 1991. It's not a moral assertion about whether AIDS is or should be a "crisis." It's not the announcement of a cure. Nor is it a prediction that something even worse will come along.

It's simply an assertion that something *else* will come along. Our culture is incapable of maintaining the current level of hysteria about any one thing much longer than we've already done for AIDS. Remember nuclear war? Remember drugs? Oh, AIDS is worse? So you say *now*. As recently as 1983, nuclear war threatened the future of all human life. What's worse than that?

If 54,000 Americans die of AIDS in 1991, as predicted, that will put it at No. 5, between chronic lung disease and pneumonia, as a cause of death. These will be young deaths, of course. But rightly or wrongly, they can easily be absorbed into the background noise of a busy and distractible society. In just a few months, AIDS has shot up in the opinion polls to the No. 2 national concern (after federal deficits). It can shoot down just as fast.

Assisting its descent will be the growing realization that there almost surely is *not* going to be a "breakout" into the general heterosexual, non-drug-using community. A woman's chance of getting AIDS from sleeping once with an infected man seems to be about one in a thousand. For men the odds are even better. Since the keepers of the zeitgeist tend to be heterosexual men who don't use intravenous drugs, the era of AIDS television specials and newsmagazine covers is just about over.

This development brings perils of its own, of course. It may lead to complacency about taking precautions against a danger that, though small for most people, is genuine. Knowing that the disease will overwhelmingly affect a widely disdained minority may reduce society's commitment to finding a vaccine or cure. But the end of AIDS hysteria will at least undermine conservative attempts to exploit the disease in a crusade of intolerance.

Conservatives are obsessed with AIDS like no other group apart from gays themselves. Right-wing publications have fanned the flames of hysteria. It was the most conservative elements in the White House that pressured President Reagan to take up an issue he would rather have left alone.

Taken on its own terms, the conservative AIDS crusade has always suffered from a central illogic—or rather, dishonesty. Their mantra is that the rights of the individual must sometimes—especially in a crisis—be subordinated to the good of society. Concerns about discrimination against AIDS victims, says White House domestic policy adviser Gary Bauer, "take a clear backseat to the protection of those Americans who are not yet infected."

Far be it from me to discourage conservatives from reflecting on the trade-off between the rights of the individual and the needs of society. They should do it more often. What's curious about this seemingly high-minded wish to protect potential victims of AIDS, though, is that you can only be infected by AIDS through behavior these same crusaders classify as immoral. Anyone who is chaste before marriage, monogamous within marriage, and avoids illegal drugs is at virtually no risk.

If the conservative crusade were limited to promoting this particular gospel, there would be no puzzle. But conservatives are also zealots for widespread mandatory AIDS testing, for possible disclosure of the results, or even—in the case of Jesse Helms—for quarantining of victims. Yet people who behave themselves as Gary Bauer and William Bennett and Jesse Helms would wish have nothing to gain from these measures. So why the passionate concern for adulterers and philanderers and pederasts and addicts? They're all God's children, of course. But usually it is liberals who get

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOT SDUSA BY TROTSKY

To the editors:
Michael Massing is wrong in describing the Social Democrats, USA (SDUSA) as Trotskyites, and in caricaturing us as pro-Reagan ("Trotsky's Orphans," June 22). In fact, we campaigned for Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale. Massing is accurate in describing our "high regard for organized labor" and "liberal stance on domestic issues." What brands us as "conservatives" in his eyes is that we are anti-Communist. We are anti-Communist, however, not because we love Wall Street, but because we are for freedom, democracy, and economic and social justice. Thus we consider Reagan's policy of "constructive engagement" totally inadequate for ending apartheid in South Africa, and opposed Somoza before that became fashionable.

As for the SDUSA being a disciplined, secretive cadre following the leadership in lockstep, we can only chuckle. Our members often disagree on policies and strategies, or back different Democrats in primary elections. What we share are some general but elementary political values. If we are effective, perhaps it is because of these values. And if we are sometimes slandered, perhaps that too is because of them.

BAYARD RUSTIN
National Chairman

RITA FREEDMAN
Executive Director
Social Democrats, USA
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Michael Massing has cleverly constructed a kind of tar baby. By falsely linking the Social Democrats, USA to the name of Trotsky, he makes it sound like a group of oddballs. But in order to refute his lie, those of us mentioned in his article must take the trouble to deny that we are Trotskyites, an exercise that in itself runs the risk of making one sound like an oddball.

In truth, SDUSA, the lineal descendant of the old Socialist Party of Norman Thomas, is a loose mélange of activists and intellectuals, some of whom enjoy modest prominence in their fields. Max Shachtman was a member of SDUSA at the time of his death 15 years ago. Up until 15 years before *that* Shachtman had led his own small group that dissolved in order to join the Socialist Party—thereby bringing an effective end to "Shachtmanism." And nearly 20 years before *that* Shachtman had been a Trotskyite, but he broke with Trotsky at the time of the Soviet invasion of Finland—nearly 50 years ago. By this circuitous path does Massing link us to Trotsky, though neither I nor most SD members (nor most of those mentioned in Massing's article) was ever a Shachtmanite or a Trotskyite.

The name for this is McCarthyism, just as surely as if I called Massing a Stalinist on the grounds of his frequent contributions to the *Nation*, a journal that once defended the Soviet dictator and that even today preserves an intellectual heritage in which the direst anathema that one can pronounce is "Trotskyite."

JOSHUA MURAVCHIK
Washington, D.C.

Michael Massing replies:
What an honor to be linked to McCarthy *and* Stalin in the same sentence! These letters perplex me. I never called the Social Democrats Trotskyites; on the contrary, I tried to show how far the group has strayed from its Trotskyite roots. I certainly don't see how those origins can be denied. Joshua Muravchik's claims notwithstanding, Max Shachtman's role in the creation of SDUSA was critical. Shachtman kept a close coterie around him after joining the Socialist Party, and that group eventually gave rise to the Social Democrats. I agree that Shachtman was not a Trotskyite by then; witness his support for the Vietnam War. True, SDUSA backed Carter and Mondale, but that has not kept the group from becoming deeply involved with the National Endowment for Democracy, Prodemca, and the *contras*—Reagan-style ventures all. Needless to add, it's today impossible to find anyone who did not oppose Somoza.

CARROTS FOR NICARAGUA

To the editors:
In asserting that only the "worst" can come of the Sandinista government since that is "precisely what Marxism-Leninism has meant in practice everywhere" ("The Contras After Iranamok," June 29), TNR forgets about Yugoslavia, China, and even Hungary, which after a Stalinist/Maoist high managed to backpedal to more moderate social and economic policies. The United States has belatedly helped these tendencies through normalized trade and cultural exchange. But if our policy had been one of embargo and support of, say, Kuomintang *contras*, one can imagine a far more disastrous scenario.

With Nicaragua's economy in disarray but its pride intact, carrots are likely to have far more clout than sticks. Ideology aside, it is unnatural for Nicaragua to forge powerful links with such a distant and disparate nation as the Soviet Union while its strongest neighbor is on the sidelines. If the United States were to send the *contras* home, establish programs of travel and economic support with Managua, and seriously promote demilitarization, the Soviet Union would again seem on the other side of the world to most Nicaraguans, and their country at "worst" a Latin Yugoslavia that we could live with whether we liked it or not.

ROBERT ELLWOOD
Pasadena, California

A TASTE FOR QUARKS

To the editors:
In "Quark Barrel Politics" (June 22), Robert Bazell portrays the superconducting super collider as more pork than science. Four billion dollars is a lot for science, but it is not considered much for pork. In New York City, the federal government wants to spend $4 billion rebuilding four miles of highway that the city has managed without for 15 years. In Washington, D.C., $10 billion has been spent on a subway system that manages not to serve the inner-city areas where people need public transportation the most.

Mr. Bazell states that achievements in the field of superconductivity may make it possible, in ten years, to build the same machine for a fraction of the price; or to build a much more powerful machine for the same price. But we have an obligation not to begin building a scientific "deficit" for future generations. We should build the "good" one now, and, if need be, the "better" one ten or 20 years down the line. The few billions we spend on high energy particle physics now could lay the foundation for almost all the industry of

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 27, 1987

BORK'S BITE

The nomination of a Supreme Court justice is invariably accompanied by a certain amount of jockeying for rhetorical position. The nominee's champions deliver encomiums to the brilliance of the candidate's mind, the breadth of his scholarship, the consistency of his judicial philosophy—as though it never occurred to them to look at the decisions he rendered in particular cases. And his detractors prognosticate gloomily about the dark days that lie ahead if the nominee is confirmed, as though for years the only thing standing between us and anarchy or repression was the very justice—now suddenly the personification of judicial moderation and integrity—who is being replaced.

This script was followed to a T last week when U.S. Appeals Court Judge Robert H. Bork was nominated to the seat vacated by the retiring Lewis Powell. Having made a nomination that has politics written all over it, President Reagan expressed the hope in his weekly radio address that senators would have the decency to keep politics out of the confirmation process. And the administration's most ardent supporter on the Judiciary Committee, Senator Orrin Hatch, explained that: "When you have a man of this caliber, I think it's just terrible to try and make an ideological battle out of it." Liberal groups, led by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, voiced their opposition to Bork by raising the spectacle of "back-alley abortions . . . segregated lunch counters . . . rogue police," and worse.

There are two points to be made here. The first is that philosophical disagreements are perfectly legitimate grounds on which to reject the Bork nomination. The second is that if Bork really is the judge his supporters paint him to be, liberals may find him preferable to a number of other candidates President Reagan might have proposed.

There is no reason for senators who oppose Bork on ideological grounds to feel compunctions about voting against the nomination. They might reflect that in the history of Supreme Court appointments, nearly one in five presidential nominations (including one of George Washington's) has been rejected by the Senate, and that in most of those cases a political test was applied. They might further reflect that the constitutional phrase "advice and consent" does not, on either a strict or a broad construction, suggest that it is the Senate's job simply to provide a high-level security check for candidates the president sends up. And they might note (as we did last year during the confirmation hearings for Justices Rehnquist and Scalia) that two authorities on record in support of a political construction of the advice and consent clause are Strom Thurmond ("The Senate, as representatives of the people, is entitled to consider [judicial nominees'] views, much as voters do with regard to candidates for the presidency") and William Rehnquist ("The Senate has every right . . . to ask the president to maintain on the Supreme Court a balance between liberal and conservative opinion").

The confirmation of a candidate for the Court is an archeological excavation, and the digging at the site called Robert Bork has barely begun. Among the antiquities to be examined is the story of the firing of Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor. As a legal matter, President Nixon was within his rights to fire Cox, and Bork was within his rights to execute the order. As a matter of principle, though, shouldn't Bork have made public protest against a request that was so clearly improper? Bork has maintained that after carrying out Nixon's order he offered to follow Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus and resign from the Justice Department, but that Richardson persuaded him to stay. Senators may wonder whether Richardson's advice was justification enough for Bork to act as he did.

Senators will be interested, too, in hearing what Bork makes today of some of his own earlier pronouncements. His 1963 article in THE NEW REPUBLIC, "Civil Rights—A

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Challenge," in which he argued against enforced desegregation of public accommodations, has already achieved some notoriety. So has an article in the *Indiana Law Journal* in 1971, in which he asserted that the First Amendment's protection of speech applies only to "explicitly political speech," defined rather narrowly, and "does not cover scientific, educational, commercial, or literary expressions as such."

Bork has made some effort recently to distance himself from those positions. But what is most significant about them is not their politics. It is the very peculiar relation in which those articles stand to the judicial philosophy that Bork's supporters have commended to us as the hallmark of his integrity. Judge Bork, we are told, is the great champion of judicial restraint and strict constructionism. He opposes the creation of rights that have not been explicitly enumerated in the Constitution, whether those new rights would support liberal or conservative social policies. And he believes that judges should adhere to the letter of the Constitution, whatever result that adherence might lead to in particular cases.

But it seems that Bork is not beyond enumerating rights of his own when it suits him. On the one hand, he has argued, in the TNR article and elsewhere, that it gives the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment much too broad a reading to apply it to house deeds or hotels or lunch counters. But on the other hand, he based his opposition to the Civil Rights Bill on a vague, extraconstitutional entitlement called the "freedom of association," which gives people the right to serve at lunch counters, if they choose, only persons of their own race. The article is not a judicial opinion, of course; it is a policy argument. But it is revealing that when Bork disapproves of a policy, he is prepared, in the judicial tradition he deplores, to trump it

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	GARBO TALKS	2	30
2.	HERE COMES THE JUDGE	—	1
3.	BLAND TRUST	*	5
4.	ALL IN THE GAMES	1	3
5.	BEAU TIE	*	14
6.	THE PRIDE IS SLACK	—	1
7.	ROCK IN A HARD PLACE	—	1
8.	A MAN A PLAN A CANAL	—	1
9.	FAST-FORWARD	—	1
10.	CUTTER'S WAY	—	1

1. GARBO TALKS

Iranamok. Part of the contentiousness between North and the committee was due to the legislators' fear of North as a telegenic force. They were anxious to curtail his performance and pre-empt another empathetic outbreak. Further, Reagan is now utterly defanged, and the committee's interest in moving the investigation closer to him is revived.

2. HERE COMES THE JUDGE

Bork. The early Bork debate reveals a national confusion. There's uncertainty about the Senate's role, and no consensus about an appropriate basis of judgment. Indeed, there seems to be a desire to find (or not find) yet another simple "smoking gun" of some sort: an article, a decision, etc. The culture's love of the concrete has reduced national judgment to a process of forensics.

3. BLAND TRUST

Meese. The facts in the latest Meese story—his "blind trust" actions weren't illegal—are less significant than the coverage he got. The administration is portrayed in full flight from him, even protecting the Bork nomination from pollution by association. Meese has now fully metamorphosed as a media bogeyman, another Regan-like stand-in for muddled Uncle Reagan.

4. ALL IN THE GAMES

South Korea. South Korea's capitulation to democracy, if that's what's happened, is playing like a miracle. But the "villains" in this piece, the insiders with all the power, may well win the elections. It will be tough to squeeze a lesson out of such a morality play, unless it is to schedule all future Olympics in societies to whom face-saving is paramount.

5. BEAU TIE

1988. The Democratic contenders, in the wake of their "debate," have a problem. An aggregate comic line on them has formed, and it's preventing any of them from looking like a serious individual. It is actually preferable to be unannounced. The exception isn't really an exception at all. Paul Simon's Truman-corny image (ZC, May 11) stands out, but it is still a media stereotype.

6. THE PRIDE IS SLACK

Chrysler. There goes Iacocca's presidential campaign. Chrysler's odometer scandal revived a familiar problem: Americans fear they are being taken for a ride whenever they buy a product from a big U.S. firm, which is why so many companies put attractive leaders into their advertising. The huge worker-safety fine Chrysler had to pay the next week didn't help either.

7. ROCK IN A HARD PLACE

Rock 'n' Roll. Forget Tipper Gore. Forget "I Want Your Sex." Allan Bloom's view of rock music as mind-rotting has made him the anti-comics Fredric Wertham of the '80s. Bloom is helping to rescue rock from a threat presented by the controversy over Nike's commercial use of the Beatles' "Revolution." Rock thrives when perceived as an outsider genre; to canonize it, as the protectors of "Revolution" were doing, is to smother it. It needs Blooms, outspoken experts who don't know what they're talking about.

8. A MAN A PLAN A CANAL

Panama. So who is Noriega? The U.S. media, uniquely among those of world powers, show no continuing interest in places where the U.S. has had a profound impact. Events in Panama may as well be occurring in Outer Slobovia. As soon as the Canal debate was concluded, Panama virtually ceased to exist.

9. FAST-FORWARD

TV News. The post-network TV news coverage may be even less substantive than it is now. CNN already has a "headline" service, *USA Today* is coming to TV (which seems redundant), and Fox is experimenting with a show featuring 30 stories in 30 minutes. Nobody ever went broke underestimating the attention span of the American public.

10. CUTTER'S WAY

Circumcision. There's been a debate over circumcision for decades, with almost nobody paying attention. This year, anti-circumcisionists have figured out the way into the U.S. consciousness: weird stories. Awards have been given to prominent couples who have left their sons "intact," and research has established that newborn boys don't much like it. Both stories made the national press.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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with a right. Similarly, Bork does not believe that people have a right to engage in private sexual practice without government regulation because he can find no textual support in the Constitution for a such a notion. But he has argued that the First Amendment, a piece of writing in which the word "political" does not appear, protects only political speech.

Bork has made a reputation over many years as a critic of judges who allow personal tastes and values to inform their reading of the Constitution. It seems to us that he now has some explaining to do on his own behalf. It is customary for nominees to the Court to decline to answer questions about decisions they might reach in cases likely to come before the Court. Here is a situation in which those questions deserve answers. For what the committee needs to know is just how result-blind Bork's judicial philosophy really is.

If the coming Judiciary Committee hearings establish that Judge Bork is not only an advocate but a genuine practitioner of judicial restraint, how should liberal senators vote? There are good reasons, we think, for voting to confirm. There are plenty of conservative jurists waiting in the wings who pose a far greater threat to liberal policies. There is nothing inherently liberal about judicial activism: conservative judges can discover rights just as readily as liberal judges. One has only to look at two cases in the most recent Court term in which decisions were justified by reference to "property" and "ownership" rights of dubious constitutional provenance. We have long argued that the day would come when liberals would be forced to eat their expressions of enthusiasm for judges who boldly go where no legislature has been before.

With the retirement of Justice Powell, that day may have dawned. For a long time, liberals have looked to the Court to undo legislation they deemed illiberal, or to provide protections where legislation did not exist. For a long time, indeed, progress on social issues required a strong and active Court. But dependence on the judiciary to find a rights umbrella for every policy has become an addiction. If the Court is destined to become dominated by more conservative justices, it will be better for liberals if those justices prefer restraint to activism. And if liberals have to learn to persuade democratically elected legislatures of the merits of their social policies, that will be better for liberalism too.

NOTEBOOK

☐ "YOUR ACTIVITY SO FAR in international life as a diplomat and foreign minister, as well as your activity in the United Nations, was always dedicated to the securing of peace among all countries." Thus the pope to a visiting head of state last month. Nothing remarkable, except that the visiting head of state's "activity so far in international life" began with his role in the deportation of Greek Jews to Auschwitz, his "professional life experience" included savage reprisals against anti-Nazi partisans in Yugoslavia, and the "peace" that he "secured" for many people his first time out was the peace of the dead. To anyone fair-minded, the evidence against Kurt Waldheim seems incontrovertible. For that reason the Austrian president has been barred from entering the United States, and has been refused meetings with the heads of all the European states. Waldheim's isolation is one of the more impressive moral achievements of the West in recent decades. It strikes a blow for memory and for decency. Pope John Paul II, however, has advanced the cause of forgetting, and of indecency. The outrage is compounded by its historical context. The Vatican averted its gaze from Nazi war crimes as they were carried out. The indifference of Pope Pius XII to the fate of the Jews under Hitler has been definitively documented. And the indifference of the Vatican to the Holocaust was succeeded by its indifference to the State of Israel, to which it continues to deny full diplomatic relations. John Paul II has already met with Yasir Arafat. And he never misses a chance to, well, pontificate to Israel about its sovereignty over Jerusalem, though the pope never hectored Jordan when it occupied Jerusalem for years prior to 1967. "The pope is convinced that you either understand events at a moral level or you don't understand them at all," said a Vatican spokesman. We agree.

☐ DIFFERENT PAPERS, SAME DAY:

Agreement Nearing On Ethics Bill

—*Newsday*, June 30

Tempers in Albany Flare on Ethics Bill With No Agreement

—*New York Times*, June 30

(thanks to Tom Tisch, New York City)

☐ SAME PAPER, SAME DAY, SAME PAGE:

Reagan Hails W. German Support Of Missile Cuts as Signal of Unity

—*Schenectady Gazette*, June 5, page one

Bonn's Move to Keep Nukes Could Kill Superpower Accord

—*Schenectady Gazette*, June 5, page one

(thanks to Greg Moore, Schenectady, New York)

☐ NEW RECORD!! SAME PAPER, SAME DAY, SAME ARTICLE:

Zimbabwe's whites pessimistic and hopeful

—*Boston Globe*, June 28

(thanks to Sean F. Heneghan, Boston, Massachusetts)

☐ HOW MANY BUCKLES HATH THE RUSTBELT?

". . . Partly as a result, Cleveland seems to be experiencing something of a turnaround. Although its population has fallen to 535,000 from 914,000 in 1950, the city once called

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the 'buckle of the rust belt' now has a buzzing service economy."

—*New York Times*, June 26, page A8

"Ranked sixth among the nation's most economically distressed areas, Elmira was dubbed the buckle of the Rust Belt. [But] Elmira's economy has staged a reversal in the last two years . . . ," and so on and so forth.

—*New York Times*, same day, page B1.

(thanks to Mark Jacobsen, San Diego, California and Kent Allen, Milford, Connecticut)

THE MONEY CULTURE

FREE GIFTS

A CORPORATION CAN'T perform a charitable act any more than it can fall in love. But sometimes when corporations invest in charity—the way they invest, say, in advertising or in a new fleet of trucks—the dividends can be immense.

Consider the Dayton Hudson Corp. of Minneapolis. A few weeks ago Dayton Hudson, a huge retailer that owns various department stores and discount chains (Dayton's, Hudson's, Target, Mervyn's, Lechmere's), got wind of a possible takeover attempt by the awkwardly named Dart Group Corp. of suburban Washington.

Dart is run by Herbert Haft and his son Robert, who in addition to owning chains of discount bookstores (Crown) and auto-parts emporiums (Trak Auto) do a tidy business in buying the stock of larger companies, threatening the management with imminent unemployment and then, having been paid a good deal more for their stock than the original purchase price, retreat to lick their wounds and count their money. The Hafts made $97 million last year this way by buying stock in Safeway. They've done fairly well, too, in raids on Beatrice, Jack Eckerd Corp., May Department Stores, and Supermarkets General.

Some call the Hafts greenmailers, and they certainly accept greenmail. But unlike standard greenmailers, they go after companies in businesses that they actually know, and you get the idea that they would really like to run Eckerd or May, and would probably do a good job.

But the Hafts aren't the subject of this morality tale; Dayton Hudson is. When Dayton's chairman, Kenneth Macke, heard that Dart was buying up his stock, he did what any corporate executive in this brave new laissez-faire America would do: he ran to the government for help. The Minnesota state legislature was not in session, but that didn't matter. Macke asked Governor Rudy Perpich to call a special session to pass a law that would effectively squelch a takeover attempt by Dart. "I would characterize this as a major emergency," said Senate Majority Leader Roger Moe, presenting the Hafts' putative raid as probably the most serious threat to the state since the legislature was called into its first special session in 1862 to deal with an Indian uprising. Perpich agreed, and, five days after Macke's request, he called the special session. The next day, in the crucible of American populism, the Minnesota House passed the legislation by a vote of 120 to 5, the Senate approved it unanimously, and the governor signed it into law. Among other things, it prevents outsiders who purchase Minnesota companies from divesting themselves of those companies' assets for five years.

The keys to Dayton's success were that it employs 34,000 people (although two-thirds of them work part time) and that it gives away at least five percent of its profits each year to arts organizations and other worthy causes. Within a few hours of Macke's plea to Perpich, the recipients of Dayton's munificence were beating their breasts about losing their money. A takeover by Dart "would be a tremendous kick in the stomach for our organization," said Anthony Boatman, director of development for the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts. Dayton's called in its chips, recruiting the United Way, the 4-H Clubs, and other donees to join the company's 12 lobbyists in pushing the bill.

Last year Dayton's earned $310 million in profits on $9.3 billion in sales. It gave away $20.8 million to charity—roughly half of that in Minnesota. Macke and the other top managers of Dayton's had the pleasure of being philanthropic without giving away any of their own money. They aren't alone. The heads of most major corporations are lauded and feted for their generosity with their shareholders' cash. But Dayton's management carries this practice to an extreme. The company's latest proxy statement shows that all 29 of its directors and officers own a total of only 68,471 shares of common stock. That's less than one-tenth of one percent of the outstanding shares. No one in management owns more than $1 million worth of stock. So when the directors vote to give away $20 million, it costs them less than $20,000—not to mention the tax benefit.

The people who pay for this largess are the shareholders, who are also the ones who get shafted by the anti-takeover law. If the Hafts had ever gotten around to making an offer for Dayton's, the shareholders might have seen their holdings appreciate by $10 or $20 a share.

ANOTHER IRONY IS that the new anti-takeover law prevents people like the Hafts from doing exactly what Dayton Hudson has been doing—selling off parts of itself. In 1982 the company sold a chain of jewelry stores; in 1984 it sold Diamond's and John Brows, two department store chains; in 1985 it sold Plum's, a discount clothing chain; and last year it sold B. Dalton bookstores to Barnes & Noble.

But hardly anyone in Minnesota seemed to notice, blinded by frankincense and myrrh. "Community giving," as Dayton's calls it, paid off. A tough-guy columnist in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press Dispatch* named Joe Soucheray wrote: "I don't have any problem with Dayton's expecting such quick and special service from the state. . . . They

continued on page 12

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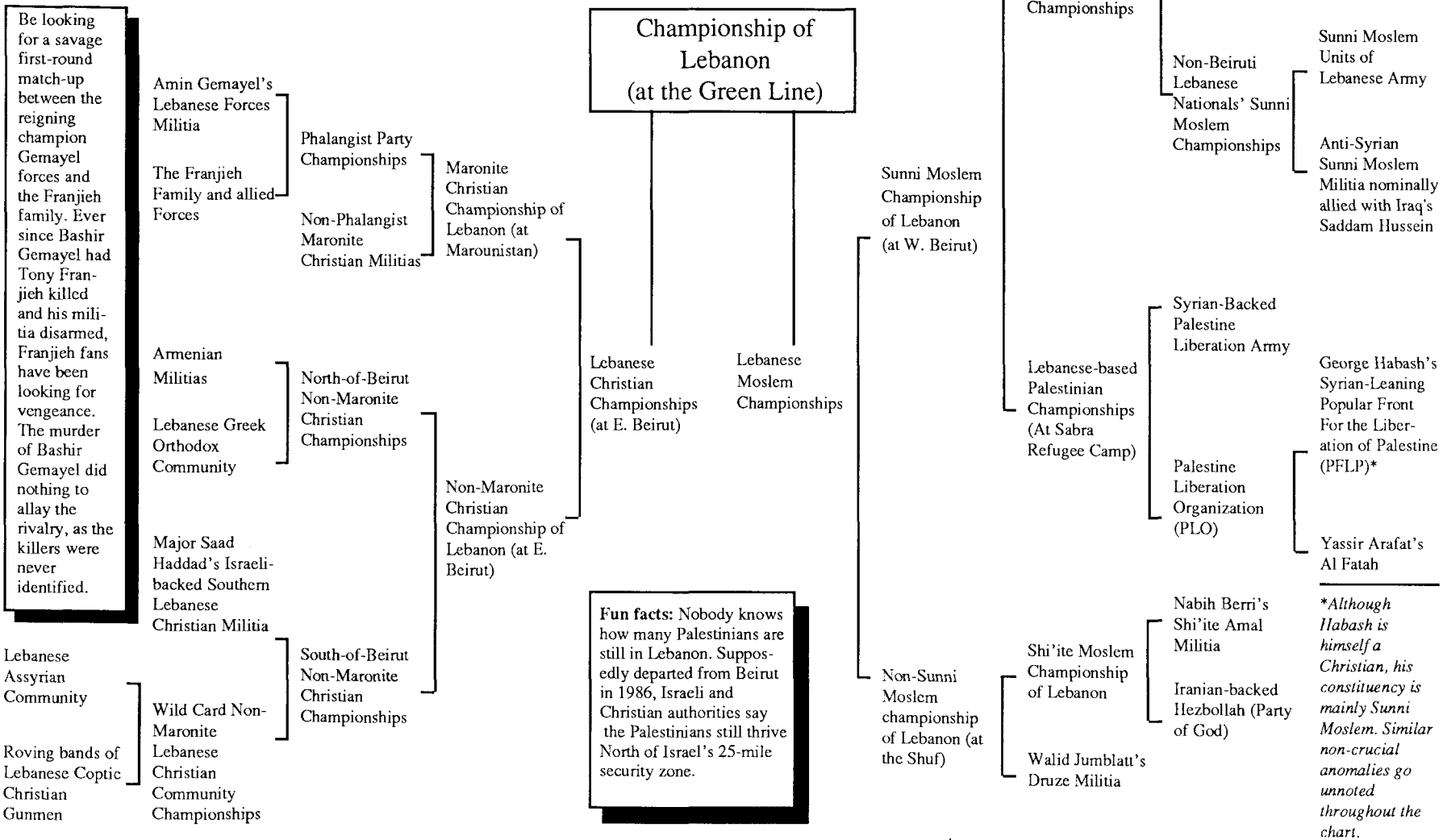
The Basketball Championship of Lebanon —*Dan Halberstein*

Ever since The Israelis and Syrians got themselves directly involved with the Lebanese quagmire, they have been plagued by the recurrent factional violence endemic to that country. The chart below illustrates a little-known joint Israeli-Syrian plan intended to settle the Lebanese power struggle once and for all, through a basketball tournament.

Dan Halberstein is a free-lance humorist based in Washington, D.C., and is the production manager of **Roll Call.**


Be looking for a savage first-round match-up between the reigning champion Gemayel forces and the Franjieh family. Ever since Bashir Gemayel had Tony Franjieh killed and his militia disarmed, Franjieh fans have been looking for vengeance. The murder of Bashir Gemayel did nothing to allay the rivalry, as the killers were never identified.
Championship of Lebanon (at the Green Line)
Amin Gemayel's Lebanese Forces Militia
The Franjieh Family and allied Forces
Phalangist Party Championships
Non-Phalangist Maronite Christian Militias
Maronite Christian Championship of Lebanon (at Marounistan)
Armenian Militias
Lebanese Greek Orthodox Community
North-of-Beirut Non-Maronite Christian Championships
Major Saad Haddad's Israeli-backed Southern Lebanese Christian Militia
Lebanese Assyrian Community
Roving bands of Lebanese Coptic Christian Gunmen
Wild Card Non-Maronite Lebanese Christian Community Championships
South-of-Beirut Non-Maronite Christian Championships
Non-Maronite Christian Championship of Lebanon (at E. Beirut)
Lebanese Christian Championships (at E. Beirut)
Lebanese Moslem Championships
Fun facts: Nobody knows how many Palestinians are still in Lebanon. Supposedly departed from Beirut in 1986, Israeli and Christian authorities say the Palestinians still thrive North of Israel's 25-mile security zone.
Sunni Moslem Championship of Lebanon (at W. Beirut)
Non-Sunni Moslem championship of Lebanon (at the Shuf)
Lebanese Nationals' Sunni Moslem Championships
Lebanese-based Palestinian Championships (At Sabra Refugee Camp)
W.Beiruti Lebanese Nationals' Sunni Moslem Championships
Non-Beiruti Lebanese Nationals' Sunni Moslem Championships
Lebanese Nationalist W. Beiruti Militias
Syrian backed W. Beiruti Sunni Moslem militias
Sunni Moslem Units of Lebanese Army
Anti-Syrian Sunni Moslem Militia nominally allied with Iraq's Saddam Hussein
Syrian-Backed Palestine Liberation Army
Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO)
George Habash's Syrian-Leaning Popular Front For the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP)*
Yassir Arafat's Al Fatah
Shi'ite Moslem Championship of Lebanon
Walid Jumblatt's Druze Militia
Nabih Berri's Shi'ite Amal Militia
Iranian-backed Hezbollah (Party of God)
*Although Habash is himself a Christian, his constituency is mainly Sunni Moslem. Similar non-crucial anomalies go unnoted throughout the chart.

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give millions in dollars to charity every year." The Hafts came in for particularly harsh treatment from the press. Soucheray wrote: "The Hafts have no interest in actually owning and operating Dayton's. They would prefer to make a killing. . . . [Dart] sounds like a place that would have green linoleum on the floors and metal shelves."

Actually, Dart doesn't own Dart stores any longer. It does own a chain where you can buy books cheaper than you can anywhere else in America—which may be as much of a public service as Dayton's contributions to the Minnesota Ballet. All indications are that the Hafts would love to run Dayton's (although they probably wouldn't refuse a nice pile of greenmail, either). It's uncertain whether they would continue to employ its CEO, Kenneth Macke, who made $950,607 in 1986, a year in which Dayton's operating profits fell and its return on equity was a fairly anemic 13 percent. But the Hafts, being smart operators, would undoubtedly continue donating $20 million a year to charity. It's a small price to pay for owning a legislature.

JAMES K. GLASSMAN

The radical populist utopian.

IS REAGAN CONSERVATIVE?

THERE ARE FEW ideas that are more alien to conservatism (one might even say to classic Western liberalism) than the idea of economic rights. Beyond the right to property, which is the right to keep what one already has, conservatism has never been kind to the notion of automatic entitlement to things it is deemed one ought to have, such as the right to a job or economic security or a certain standard of living. A right, such as to free thought or free association or free speech, means a political claim that must be honored a priori because it derives from the nature of man as a social being. There are all kinds of other goods—economic, social, and spiritual—that a free society ought to promote, but in classical conservative thought they are not rights. A citizen may claim personal and political liberty as a right. The same cannot be said of, say, a job.

The most prominent contemporary champion of the contrary idea is the Soviet bloc. Having deprived their subjects of all (political) rights, Communists point to what economic goods government has permitted its subjects and claim that these are rights endowed to the people by the state. We both ensure rights, say the Soviets and the Cubans and the Vietnamese. Except ours are economic, and thus more basic to life, while yours are political, a luxury our part of the world cannot afford.

The other great champions of the idea of economic rights are the international bureaucrats of the U.N. system. It expands their domain and provides busywork. Moreover, there is not much that they can do with the notion of political rights: since the West has them, taking them seriously would mean criticizing Communist and Third World countries. To do that at the U.N. is to be ill-mannered.

THE LAST PERSON, therefore, that one might expect to revive the notion of economic rights, even in a forgettable coda of a forgotten speech, is a man who wears the reputation of the most conservative American president in the last 50 years. But there it was last month in his little TV address reporting on the Venice summit. At the end, Reagan waxed poetic about American opportunity. Alluding to his economic accomplishments in office, Reagan, amazingly, lapsed into rights language. "I think Americans are increasingly aware that our constitutionally guaranteed right to vote, to assemble, to engage in free speech and all the other forms of political freedom have their equally important economic counterparts. The right not to be too heavily burdened by big government, by excessive taxes, by skyrocketing inflation, and high interest rates." He called, therefore, for "an economic bill of rights." Perhaps after retirement the president has in mind for himself the chairmanship of UNESCO.

This little flirtation with the language of statism has no real policy implications. It was a small item, a rhetorical flourish, really, in Reagan's least memorable speech. The later inflation of the idea into a July 4 address at the Jefferson Memorial, where the president expounded on the four "essential economic freedoms," was just as substanceless. Reagan was simply repackaging his balanced budget amendment and other anti-tax boilerplate. But the choice of package was telling. This casual appropriation of political language that for decades has been anathema to conservatism illustrates perfectly the way in which Reagan has subverted and thus redefined the idea of American conservatism.

Pre-Reagan, conservatism meant a political philosophy of caution, pessimism, and, above all, respect for tradition. Tradition, said Chesterton, is "the democracy of the dead. It gives the vote to that most obscure class: our ancestors." Ronald Reagan, who without provocation will summon the memory of everyone from John Winthrop to Franklin Roosevelt, certainly knows how to invoke the dead. But more than any other recent president, he has disfranchised them.

Forget, for a moment, the Iran-*contra* affair. Consider merely some of the highlights of, shall we say, mainstream Reaganism of the last year:

1. Nuclear strategy. President Reagan went to Reykjavik and with a little cooperation from Gorbachev would have returned with the nuclear world turned upside down. In fact, Reagan's vision—the abolition of nuclear weapons, with a defensive system for "insurance"—is not original. It follows the utopian blueprint that Jonathan Schell, dean of the anti-nuclear movement of the 1980s, put forward in *The Abolition*. If there is one area in which a conservative should want to tread softly and not rattle the china, it is the world of nuclear deterrence. Reagan tried to abolish it in a weekend.

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Reykjavik was preceded by the greatest revolution in strategic doctrine of this generation, a revolution attributable to the will of one man. Reagan's (re)introduction of the idea of strategic defense and his insistence on its development have radically changed the terms of debate on nuclear strategy. Look, for example, at the freeze debate of 1981-82. It was exclusively about levels of offensive weapons. After Reagan's speech launching SDI, the debate changed completely. The foremost challenge to the idea of deterrence, the bedrock of Western strategic doctrine for two generations, has been laid by Ronald Reagan.

Reykjavik was followed by another nuclear innovation: reinterpreting—reinventing is probably more accurate—the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty to permit the development and testing of, well, anti-ballistic missiles. Senator Sam Nunn, as conservative a Democrat as they come, has warned that such a reinterpretation would cause a constitutional confrontation, since the Senate, in its naïveté, thought in 1972 that the treaty it was ratifying was supposed to prohibit anti-ballistic missiles. The treaty interpretation that the administration wants to sink is known as "traditional." Reagan would replace it with a "broad" interpretation. Very progressive.

2. The economy. Bold, new, and radical, Reaganomics is unconservative in two ways. The first is moral. Reagan has elevated a refusal to raise taxes to high principle, indeed to as high a principle in the conservative pantheon as a balanced budget used to be. The resulting deficits, so huge and so casually ignored by him, have destroyed any notion of limits. Today a $108 billion deficit is considered unattainable frugality. Under President Carter, a $60 billion deficit was considered a hanging offense. Conservatives, who used to be the nation's last line of defense against ruinous spending, now believe—worse, they preach—the supply-side gospel that deficits don't count. With their conversion, there is no line of defense left. Reagan defined liberalism as tax and spend. He has redefined conservatism as borrow to party.

THE DAMAGE IS more than moral. It is fiscal, too. Reaganomics has done more than just assault traditional conservative frugality. It has undermined elementary prudence, another heretofore conservative virtue. Six years ago, then-Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker called Reaganomics a "riverboat gamble." The gamble now consists of betting the store that the rest of the world will continue to buy American debt. Reaganism prefers to let dour, green-eyeshaded critics contemplate the thought that at some multitrillion dollar level Japanese traders will lose confidence in U.S. Treasury notes and stop buying, at which point the party ends.

3. After nukes and the economy, what is there to rock? Try the Constitution. Last October Attorney General Edwin Meese gave a disquisition on constitutional philosophy. His point was either vanishingly small, that Supreme Court interpretations of the Constitution do not have the immutability of the Constitution itself. Or disturbingly large, that Supreme Court interpretations of the Constitution are not immutable at all, meaning that the other branches, Congress and the president, may not be bound by the Court's interpretations of the Constitution.

Now, there is nothing more important to the stability of any society (a conservative desideratum) than having a final arbiter in political life. That is what divides organized political life from chaos. For 200 years our common text has been the Constitution. For the last 184 of those years our final textual authority has been the Supreme Court. Meese's brand of judicial deconstruction not only calls into question two centuries of settled constitutional practice. It gratuitously tries to dislodge the one piece of glue that holds together the organized anarchy that is the government of the United States.

THAT WAS NOT the end of it. Last January Meese took off after one of the most settled practices in American law enforcement, the *Miranda* rule. The Justice Department released a study assailing *Miranda* as "a doctrine without a past and without a future," and promised a campaign to overturn it. What makes this campaign so unconservative is that it seeks to do what conservatives are forever accusing the liberal Warren Court of doing: overturning settled constitutional practice in the name of some ideological abstraction. There can be few greater exercises in judicial activism than overturning the two-decade-old, well-ingrained, and universally accepted *Miranda* rule. A 1984 poll found that only half of all Americans could idenity Chief Justice Warren Burger; 93 percent knew of their *Miranda* rights.

Reagan's packing the Supreme Court with "strict constructionists," the latest being Robert Bork, illustrates the confusion in the use of the word conservative. Bork and the others are deemed conservative because they seek to roll back the expansion of rights undertaken by recent Courts. But surely there would be something most unconservative about a Court that would overturn the precedents of, say, *Miranda* and *Roe*. And what of a Court that overturned *Bakke*, and with it a whole regime of "soft" affirmative action that has by now been incorporated into businesses and city halls and universities throughout the country? The approach to the Court of Reagan and his appointees, fearless to overturn precedent at the altar of original intent, deserves the term radical, not conservative.

4. Finally, there is Reaganism's unflinching optimism. Conservative optimism was something of an oxymoron until Reagan came along. He turned it into the secret of his political success. A measure of Reagan's triumph is the degree to which this sunny confidence in the future, an improving, progressive future, has become an intrinsic part of what persists in being called conservatism. Conservative guru George Gilder announced earlier this year that, thanks to massive Reagan tax cuts, we are on the threshold of "a general triumph of capitalism." True conservatives do not covet the general triumph of anything. The only thing they expect to see generally triumphant is chaos, a condition apt to be hastened by the enthusiasms of impatient visionaries such as Gilder.

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Robert Maynard Hutchins said that whenever he felt the urge to exercise he lay down until the urge passed. Whenever a real conservative feels the urge to innovate, he goes golfing until the urge passes. But that president retired 26 years ago. After Reagan, we can be sure that we will not see Ike's like—a true conservative—again.

What, then, is Reaganism? It is best considered a species of populism, tinged with utopianism and dabbling in radicalism. But political terms change their meaning with history. Reagan's capture of the conservative movement is a fact that will forever alter how Americans use the word. Practice has its prerogatives. Ambrose Bierce held that the conservative "is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others." Reagan, so eager to replace, has given conservatism an entirely new meaning.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Sri Lanka's vicious civil war.

TAMING THE TIGERS

THE ISLAND OF Sri Lanka rises out of the ocean 80 kilometers from southernmost India. Over 6,000 of its 16 million people have been killed so far in a civil war between the ruling Buddhist Sinhalese and the minority Hindu Sri Lankan Tamils. Once known for its democratic practices, Sri Lanka has been brought low by religious and ethnic intolerance. How unremarkable. Another of South Asia's postcolonial states fallen victim to a war for self-determination. Ethnic violence wrecked Pakistan in 1971, and has long consumed diverse parts of India.

What is remarkable about Sri Lanka is that it did totter forward in 1948, as one of the Third World's few parliamentary democracies, its coffers full and its literacy rates high. But now rebel bands of indigenous Sri Lankan Tamils, about 13 percent of the population (as distinguished from the Indian Tamils, roughly six percent of the population, who came to work on the plantations from the 1800s onward), are fighting for an independent state, called Eelam, in the northern and eastern provinces, where they predominate. Their demand is not especially reasonable, in terms of geography, economics, or demographics. Tamil moderates would settle for some form of provincial autonomy. The radical Tamil youth factions, however, which became militarized in the early 1970s, will settle for little short of Eelam.

Tamil unhappiness has a basis in fact. The 12 million Sinhalese have long discriminated against them, showing an unbecoming resentment toward the Tamils' educational and professional successes. The Tamil protest began with peaceful calls for language rights, and for fairness in education and employment. During the controversial "standardization" of education in the 1970s, for example, the Sinhalese insisted on a quota system for university admissions (and a handicapping of grades), while the Tamils, a minority seeking avenues of upward mobility, pressed for a system based on merit.

Before 1983 the worst episodes of violence were directed by Sinhalese against Tamils. And in July 1983, in an anti-Tamil rampage (prompted by a terrorist killing of 13 soldiers), hundreds died, thousands of properties were lost to arson and plunder, and tens of thousands of Tamils were sent to refugee camps. Tamil terrorism against Sinhalese has risen sharply since. Over 125,000 Tamils have fled to the southern Indian state of Tamil Nadu. The most violent and the strongest of the warring Tamil youth groups (having eliminated most of its rivals) is the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam. A small, vicious, and ill-disciplined force, the Tigers, until recently, controlled much of the northern peninsula.

The decade-old, pro-Western government of President Junius Jayawardene's United National Party has tried to calm the Tamil crisis, but its efforts may have come too late. The 80-year-old Jayawardene has been hemmed in by the uncompromising anti-Tamil attitudes of many Sinhalese. The opposition Sri Lanka Freedom Party has attacked the government for being soft on the Tamils, and militant Sinhalese Buddhist monks preach an anti-Tamil doctrine. Still, in the winter of 1986 the government did propose a plan for the devolution of power to the provinces. It approved new provincial councils that would wield substantial authority in the northern and much of the eastern province. A fair compromise, it was acceptable to moderate Tamils. But the Tigers want what Jayawardene will not concede: the unification of the two provinces. The government will not give up the entire eastern province because it has a mixed population of Tamils, Sinhalese, and Sri Lankan Moors (Muslims). It also has fertile lands and an excellent Indian Ocean port at Trincomalee. (The fall of this strategic port to Tamil terrorists would not be relished by the United States.)

With the peace plan shelved and the terrorists at work again, Jayawardene acted. In January the government embargoed fuel to the northern Jaffna peninsula. And in May, after a Colombo car bombing that killed about 130 people, Sri Lanka's armed forces launched "Operation Liberation" in the region, aimed at dislodging the Tigers. The maneuvers—including the arrest of 3,500 Tamil youths—panicked the peninsula's 850,000 Tamils. (Amnesty International accuses the Sri Lankan security forces of the arrest, disappearance, torture, and death of hundreds of Tamil suspects.) They also invited direct Indian intervention.

UNDER RAJIV GANDHI, India has sometimes played a salutary role as go-between for Jayawardene and the Tamils, hammering out negotiation proposals with the Sri Lankan government and pressuring the Tamil guerrillas to talk. But after the recent Sri Lankan actions, in early June, India sent a public relations flotilla of 20 Indian boats carrying relief supplies, journalists, and Red Cross and

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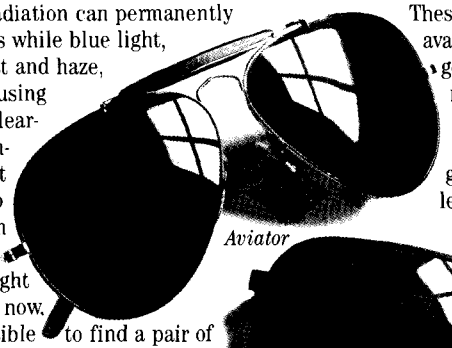

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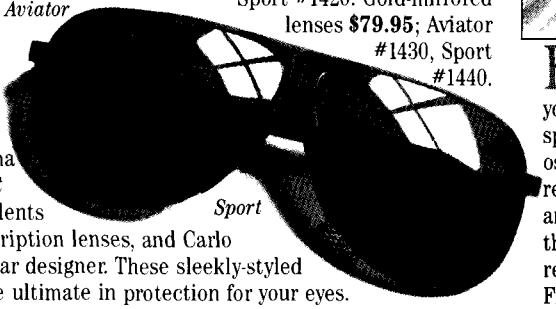

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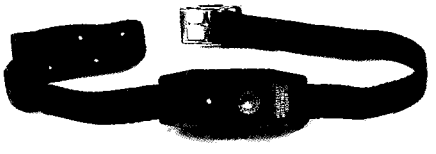

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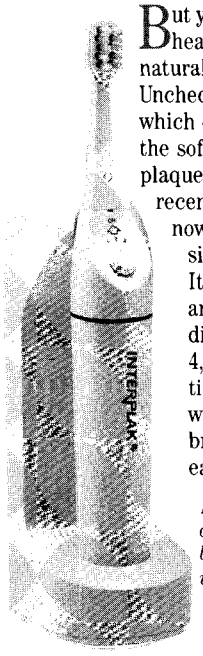

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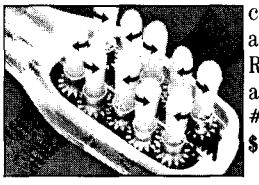

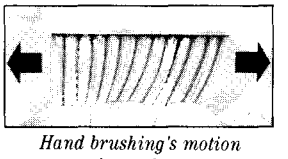

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External Ministry officials across the Palk strait toward Sri Lanka. Sri Lanka turned back the boats. Undeterred, the Indians used troop transport planes accompanied by Mirage jets to drop tons of food and medicine into Sri Lanka. The Sri Lankan military campaign was interrupted, and discussions were initiated with India about the future delivery of supplies to the Tamils.

The Sri Lankans protested that the airdrop was an outrageous violation of their sovereignty. The other small states of South Asia joined the chorus, and India's big (and these days testy) neighbor China sent a sharply worded warning. The specter of India as the pushy military, political, economic, and cultural big boy of the region has always haunted its neighbors. By this airdrop, too, India showed the world that for all its preachy moralism in international affairs, it is as ready as any other large country to ride roughshod over a small neighbor.

INDIA HAS LONG been an advocate of Tamil rights—short of secession. A struggling Tamil state would only mean a new headache for India. Not that India is averse, in principle, to supporting regional ethnic nationalisms. In 1971 Indira Gandhi invaded East Pakistan in support of the Bengali cause, and became mother to the seceding state of Bangladesh. But India prefers that such secessions occur outside its own borders. After all, Rajiv Gandhi cannot comfortably support separatism. The Sikhs are at the forefront of a host of such challenges to New Delhi. But Rajiv, like Indira before him, prefers a good conspiracy theory to political or philosophical consistency. Mother and son have both liked to blame their own ills on "foreign interference." After the airlift such claims will require a new measure of gall.

Inside India the airdrop was widely cheered, especially in the southern state of Tamil Nadu, where 50 million of India's Tamils are closely following the carnage across the Palk strait. The government of Tamil Nadu is an important ally of Gandhi's Congress Party. Its citizens ably demonstrated their own gift for ethnic agitation in the 1960s. And last April Tamil Nadu's chief minister announced a $3.2 million direct aid package for the Sri Lankan Tamils. With all his other domestic troubles, including ethnic revolts, a scandal about government corruption, constitutional squabbles with the president, political squabbles in the Congress Party, and important elections in the state of Haryana (which Congress has since lost), Gandhi readily succumbed to pressures to help the Sri Lankan Tamils.

The Indian state of Tamil Nadu has been the haven not only for Sri Lankan Tamil refugees, but also for their politicians and guerrilla leaders. Rebel groups have offices in Madras (until recently the leader of the Tigers was based there) and Tamil guerrillas are reported to have been trained in India. Weapons as well as food have moved out of Tamil Nadu, headed for northern Sri Lanka. Gandhi has occasionally tried to control this movement, in order to pressure the Tamils to negotiate with Jayawardene. Meanwhile, Pakistan has trained Sri Lanka's army officers, Israel has set up its intelligence bureau, and a "security" company called Keeny Meeny Services, made up mainly of ex-British Special Air Services commandos, is instructing its expanded security and armed forces.

In Sri Lanka the extremists on all sides are gaining ground. The government has been unable to resolve the crisis on its own. It alternates between needing India's help and condemning India's intervention. Together, though, the Sri Lankan army offensive and Gandhi's brash response may have created an atmosphere for moderation. The *Far Eastern Economic Review* reports that Gandhi (chastened, perhaps, by the regional response to his recent misadventure) is now trying to pressure Sri Lankan Tamils to go to the negotiating table; the Sri Lankans, scared witless by recent Indian action, seem willing to talk; and the Tigers have declared a temporary cease-fire to permit the distribution of India relief supplies. Still, Gandhi will have to demonstrate the stomach and the skill to bring the guerrillas to the negotiating table, and to keep them there. Otherwise, the civil war will begin its next round. How unremarkable.

MAHNAZ ISPAHANI

Mahnaz Ispahani writes about politics and security in the developing world.

The professor's vendetta.

BLOOD LUST IN ACADEMIA

ACCURACY IN ACADEMIA, move over. Reed Irvine's conservative watchdog group that scours America's campuses for lurking radicals has met its match in a one-man academic hit squad. Serge Lang, a math professor at Yale, is a self-appointed crusader to "expose junk scholarship and maintain standards." His most recent target is Samuel P. Huntington, Eaton Professor of the Science of Government at Harvard, whose nomination to the National Academy of Sciences Lang has blocked for the last two years.

The NAS is the nation's oldest and most prestigious scientific organization. It was founded after the Civil War as an advisory body to the U.S. government. Today membership in the academy is one of the highest honors for scholars. Huntington, who is president of the American Political Science Association, was nominated for membership by the "social and behavioral sciences" subgroup and seemed a shoo-in for election by the entire membership until Lang challenged his nomination in several mailings and in person at academy meetings. As a result, Huntington was the only one of 62 nominees who failed to get the necessary two-thirds support. This rare rejection made the front page of the *New York Times*.

The NAS might have two legitimate reasons for rejecting

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someone like Huntington. It might be that the social and behavioral sciences are not "real" sciences, or it might be that Huntington is a bad political scientist. The scientific legitimacy of political "science" is an interesting question, with strong arguments on both sides, but the National Academy of Sciences made up its mind on this in the early 1970s when it began admitting political scientists, many of whose methods are hardly modeled after the natural sciences. Even as they rejected Huntington, the academy elected an economic historian and a "soft" social scientist.

Although Lang claims that his charge is against Huntington's bad scholarship, and not his field, the distinction blurs in his rambling letters. His principal charge is that Huntington uses "pseudomath . . . equations that are meaningless" on page 55 of his book *Political Order in Changing Societies*. The actual text is:

1. Social Mobilization/Economic Development = Social Frustration
2. Social Frustration/Mobility Opportunities = Political Participation
3. Political Participation/Political Institutionalization = Political Instability

Lang also criticizes another line on the same page: "The overall correlation [in one analysis] between frustration and instability was 50." Lang complains that Huntington fails to identify the analysis or to explain what the numbers mean. This is "smokescreen pseudoscience," he says.

In fact, Huntington identifies the study in a footnote, which happens to be on the next page because the paragraph ends there. Lang did not check the study itself—indeed, he seemed unaware of it—to see whether it explains what the numbers mean. It does. I can't certify the study's merits, but it won an award from the American Association for the Advancement of Science when it was published in 1966. In any case, Huntington didn't write the study—he only cited it.

AS FOR Huntington's own "equations," he agrees that they may not be mathematically rigorous: "But they were never intended as such and I had never heard of anyone taking them as such. In fact I call them 'relationships' in the book. They were meant to be a shorthand method to sum up a complicated argument that I do detail." Herbert Simon, a Nobel laureate in economics and a senior academy member, even endorses Huntington's mathematical logic in a forthcoming paper. In a nationwide survey of scholars, *Political Order in Changing Societies* was ranked the most important book in its field.

Lang also objects to Huntington's citation of a study characterizing South Africa as a "satisfied" country, and of France as a country with a high "degree of instability." Once again, these conclusions are not Huntington's—they come from the same study he merely cited. Huntington says, "The term 'satisfied' has to do with whether or not there are measurable signs that people are satisfied or not with their lot. That lot may be good, fair, or awful; what this particular term is describing is the fact that the people for some reason are not protesting it. When this study . . . was done in the early 1960s, there had been no major riots, strikes, or disturbances [in South Africa]. France, on the other hand, had just been through a constitutional crisis and an attempted coup d'état."

I asked Lang how significant his objections were and whether they invalidated the general conclusions of *Political Order in Changing Societies*. The conversation went as follows:

A: "The book has no general conclusions. It is full of nonsense."
Q: "What would you say the purported conclusions are?"
A: "There are none."
Q: "Did you determine this after reading the entire book?"
A: "I looked through it."
Q: "You have not read the entire book?"
A: "I have read enough."
Q: "How much is enough, in pages?"
A: "I don't know."
Q: "Are these errors isolated occurrences or are they typical of Huntington's scholarship?"
A: "Of course they are true indicators. Look at them for yourself."
Q: "Have you read any of Huntington's other work?"
A: "I have looked through *The Soldier and the State*. It doesn't seem any better."
Q: "What is the argument in that book, and why is it bad scholarship?"
A: "I didn't read it that closely to give you a summary statement. I looked through it."
Q: "But you did not read it entirely?"
A: "No, but I read enough."
Q: "Huntington has published 12 books and 70 articles. You mention one page of one book, one page of one article and another article. Have you read any of his other work?"
A: "My method is different from this general stuff. I look at concrete things and then attack. I have never read an entire book of that length in my life. I don't know anyone who has. It is a stupid way to process information! Read my 'Huntington file.' There is a ton of evidence in that!"

Lang's "Huntington file" is a haphazard accumulation of copies of 30-odd letters, many by Lang himself, with some copies of pages from books and articles. The "ton of evidence" consists of one page from the *Political Order* book, one page out of an article in *Foreign Affairs*, and a few pages of an article in *International Security*. In other words, Lang launched a two-year nationwide campaign against Huntington having read a minute fraction of his published work, took sentences out of context, and never attempted to understand the language and methodology of social science.

LANG HAS A history of hounding people. He campaigned against political scientist Seymour Martin Lipset for years, building a "file" of over 700 pages, because he objected to a few questions in a lengthy survey Lipset was conducting. Last year he attacked three Yale professors and asked for the dean's resignation on the grounds that he was denied freedom of speech when a guest lecture was ended before he could ask his *second* question from the floor.

But Lang's campaign would not have succeeded with the less eccentric NAS membership if it weren't for its political aspect. In a largely left-leaning profession, Huntington is

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well known as a conservative. He was one of Zbigniew Brzezinski's top aides in the NSC, has advised the Pentagon, the State Department, and the CIA, and writes for *Commentary* and the *National Interest*.

Lang raises the political issue in his indictment (and it was discussed at the academy's meetings). Most of his references are irrelevant, some are nutty, and some verge on slander. Without having bothered to look up the study Huntington cited that included South Africa, Lang determines that "Huntington's implicit definition of the Union of South Africa refers only to whites." Lang then quotes an entirely unrelated paper from 1975 on democracies in which the three authors, Huntington among them, make the general point that universities as an institution play a major role in indoctrinating the young. From this Lang concludes that one of Huntington's purposes in seeking membership in the academy is to have his writings certified as science, the better to indoctrinate the nation's youth.

Lang's most controversial political charge involves Huntington and the Vietnam War. Characteristically, he had only the vaguest hearsay knowledge of what he was talking about, but he raised the matter continually. In a letter to the academy, he wrote: "One member of the NAS has informed me that Huntington authored the policy during the Vietnam War to 'herd the peasants into enclaves' under the control of the military."

Anyone, friend or foe, who knows anything about Huntington would know that this was a reference to Huntington's famous *Foreign Affairs* article of Fall 1967, and a related State Department study. Lang eventually stumbled upon this article and added the usual one page from it to his file. His charge is that Huntington advocated what was then called "forced-draft urbanization"—the involuntary removal of South Vietnamese peasants to the cities as a way to starve the Viet Cong of political support. Lang compared this to the Stalinist treatment of Russian peasants in the 1930s (which was effectively genocidal). The *Nation* echoed and exaggerated these charges in an editorial celebrating Huntington's rejection that intoned ominously, "At other times in history, theoreticians of genocide have stood trial when the guns were silent."

THESE CHARGES are not new. They were promoted extensively—by Noam Chomsky among others—at the time Huntington's article appeared. But they are unjust. In his article, attempting to explain that the South Vietnamese government had grown more secure around 1967, Huntington argued that one of the unplanned consequences of U.S. military action in rural areas coupled with the economic activity of cities in wartime was a peasant migration to cities—South Vietnamese government strongholds. Huntington described this process, and did say that the consequences were to America's benefit. But on the next page (which Lang did not Xerox) he asserted that this should not be the strategy of the United States, and that "peace in the immediate future must hence be based on accommodation." The report to the State Department, which has been declassified for years, was even more critical of U.S. policies. The "summary conclusion" reads:

> The U.S. should shift the emphasis in its policies from pacification and urbanization to the encouragement of rural political organization. . . . Efforts should be made to assimilate segments of the Viet Cong. . . . [This] requires a reversal of the current expansion of the American role in South Vietnam. The United States should lessen its efforts radically to reconstruct Vietnamese society and should instead come to terms with it.

In any case, Huntington's position on the war should have little bearing on his credentials as a scholar. The NAS is full of people with strong political opinions. No one calls into question the membership of Noam Chomsky, Richard Garwin, or Andrei Sakharov when they write on the Middle East, SDI, and human rights.

A good case can be made that political scientists use "pretentious language" (Lang's term), vaguely defined jargon, and immodest generalizations, and Huntington is no exception. But Lang, by focusing on a particular scholar who has few pretensions to hard science—no game theory, no expected utility models, no rational choice analysis—without explaining how his limits are not those inherent in social science ("Because the subjects of our study think"—Herbert Simon), has turned what could have been an interesting debate about natural and social sciences into a crude, unsubstantiated witch-hunt with strong political overtones. The members of the National Academy, in succumbing to his manipulation, cannot even claim this little honor.

FAREED ZAKARIA

Backbiting in Bush's campaign.

REPUBLICAN DIRTY TRICKS

LAST FEBRUARY, just before the start of the Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington, hundreds of conservative activists got a campaign mailing in a plain manila envelope. It was headlined "ATTENTION CONSERVATIVES" and it trashed Representative Jack Kemp, a Republican presidential candidate, as a phony conservative. "We don't need another two-faced sellout politician," it said. The anti-Kemp mailing was a hot topic of discussion at the conservative conference, particularly since the perpetrators were cited only as the "Conservative Truth Squad." No names were attached to the mailing. Aides of Kemp thought the campaign of Senator Robert J. Dole, who is also running for the 1988 Republican nomination, had done it, but they couldn't prove anything. And the matter faded.

Now Craig Shirley, a former consultant to the presidential campaign of Vice President George Bush, has come forward with evidence that Bush operatives were responsible for the anonymous attack. Shirley said he discussed the idea with Lee Atwater, who is Bush's campaign manager.

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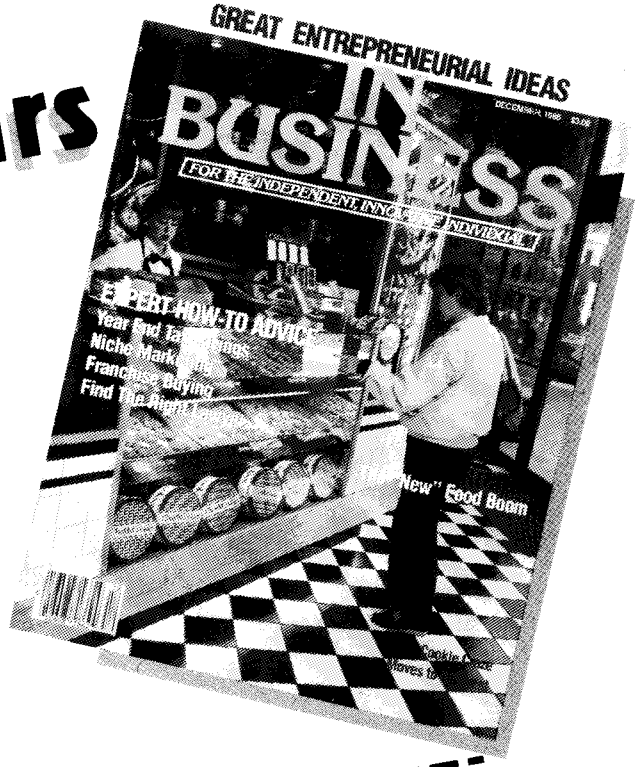

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In spite of his own advice against the mailing, Shirley said that Atwater declared in late January, "I want it to happen." Atwater denies responsibility, but it did happen. It wasn't the mailing's strident criticism of Kemp that was wrong, but the anonymity of the mailers. That made it a dirty trick, and a possible violation of federal campaign law.

And there are hints of other dirty tricks by the Bush campaign. Shirley said that in 1986 he was asked by Atwater to leak unfavorable information to the *New York Post* about Edward J. Rollins, formerly Atwater's boss at the White House political office and now Kemp's campaign chairman. (Atwater denied this as well.) Also last year, Shirley said he was asked by the Bush campaign to find a young conservative, not affiliated with Bush, to put his name on a complaint to the Federal Election Commission against Kemp. The Bush campaign didn't want to go after Kemp in its own name, he said, but in any case the complaint was never filed.

BUSH HIMSELF apparently was unaware of any dirty tricks. Shirley's accusations are aimed at Lee Atwater, 35, the boy wonder of Republican political consulting. Atwater came to prominence in the late 1970s as one of the architects of the Republican surge in the South. In 1978 he was the chief strategist in Senator Strom Thurmond's tough but successful re-election fight in South Carolina. In 1980 he worked for Ronald Reagan, directing his South Carolina primary victory that disposed of John Connally's presidential ambitions. In Reagan's first term, Atwater was a deputy political director at the White House, leaving to join Reagan's 1984 campaign. After the election, he became a partner in the political consulting firm of Black, Manafort, Stone & Atwater. He also drew close to Vice President George Bush, and in 1986 became the top strategist in Bush's bid for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination. Atwater has a well-developed reputation for political hardball. He brags of having read Machiavelli's *The Prince* dozens of times. But hardball is one thing, a tough, few-holds-barred sort of politics, yet fair and aboveboard. Dirty tricks are another, where the intent is the same but the tactics are secret and deceptive.

The man accusing Atwater of dirty tricks, Craig P. Shirley, 30, is also a Republican professional, but of a different stripe. He is a passionate conservative ideologue who jumped into Republican politics after graduating from Springfield College in Massachusetts in 1978. He worked in Avi Nelson's primary challenge to GOP Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts in 1978, and, after Nelson lost, for Gordon Humphrey's successful Senate race in New Hampshire. He came to Washington in 1979, worked on several state campaigns, and was hired by the Republican National Committee in 1982. The next year he signed on as press secretary for the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and became an aggressive defender of both NCPAC and its leader at the time, Terry Dolan. In 1985 Shirley set up his own political p.r. firm.

At NCPAC Shirley had one major disagreement with Dolan, and Bush partisans took notice. At the GOP national convention in 1984, Dolan and other New Right leaders bickered publicly with Bush. Shirley disclosed to a Bush associate that he disagreed with Dolan's charge that Bush was insufficiently conservative. That led to talks with Bush operatives, including Atwater, and Shirley was hired by Bush's political action committee in June 1985 as a $2,000-a-month, part-time consultant. He offered advice on dealing with conservatives and did p.r. work, but his most significant role was symbolic, as a New Right credential for Bush.

Last February 27 Shirley resigned from the Bush operation. He wrote in a letter that he was merging his firm with that of David Keene, a conservative leader and the senior consultant to Senator Robert Dole, Bush's chief rival for the 1988 nomination. This, he said, was "part" of his reason for quitting. He gave no further explanation.

Shirley now says mention of the merger was merely a cover story, agreed upon with Atwater and other Bush operatives. The real reason he quit, according to Shirley, is that the Bush campaign had drafted the attack on Kemp, and mailed it to attendees of the annual Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington. Bush operatives didn't want to take any blame for the attack, so the mailing was sent anonymously, attributed only to a "Conservative Truth Squad" with no address and no list of leaders or members.

This appears to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of at least one federal campaign regulation, the so-called disclaimer provision. It requires anyone making an expenditure "that expressly advocates the election or defeat of a clearly identified candidate . . . through any broadcasting station, newspaper, magazine, outdoor advertising facility, poster, yard sign, direct mailing, or any other form of general public political advertising" to identify himself or herself. This, the regulation says, is "to give the reader, observer, or listener adequate notice of the identity of persons who paid for and, where required, who authorized the communication."

ATWATER DENIED that he ordered the mailing. He said he was aware of talk at Bush headquarters "by Shirley and some kids" about it. "I don't know how that finally went out," Atwater said. And that's all he knew. Or not quite all. Three days after Atwater told me he'd only heard talk of the mailing, the Bush campaign's press secretary, Barbara Pardue, said that Atwater had actually seen a copy of the mailing beforehand. A day later Atwater said that he hadn't seen it, and Pardue said she had misspoken.

Atwater sought to shift blame to Shirley, and some of his associates questioned Shirley's motives and sanity. Atwater, campaign research director Jim Pinkerton, and Atwater aide Gary Maloney said that at an early February meeting at Bush headquarters Shirley raised the issue of an anti-Kemp mailing. Pinkerton quoted Shirley as saying, "Kemp is not a real conservative on a lot of issues, and we ought to hit him on it." Atwater "didn't say anything," Pinkerton said. "I didn't. So the matter just dropped." Atwater said this was the only time he heard of the mail-

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ing. In response, Shirley said an anti-Kemp mailing was not discussed at the February meeting. "They're lying," Shirley said.

Atwater said that Shirley had access to the CPAC mailing list, since Shirley handled p.r. for the conference. Keene, as head of the American Conservative Union, ran the conference this year. "I know Shirley's the guy with the list," Atwater insisted. "That's all I know." Atwater said further, "My sense is Shirley tried to blame people for it because he was getting heat about it." But Richard Bond, the political director of the Bush committee, and Pardue, the press secretary, said Shirley has a different motive. He is striking back at Atwater because he believes Atwater had accused Shirley's new partner, Keene, of spreading rumors of womanizing by Bush. Shirley, by the way, says he still supports Bush "passionately, more than ever now," despite the link between Keene and the Dole campaign. Shirley said he never had a CPAC mailing list.

WHATEVER HIS MOTIVES, Shirley has a story brimming with specifics. And he didn't concoct it in the wake of the Atwater-Keene flap in June over the Bush sex rumors. Last February 25, a few days after CPAC, Shirley had lunch at Joe and Mo's restaurant in Washington with his friend Bill Schulz, the Washington editor of *Reader's Digest*. Schulz said that Shirley told him the story about Atwater's direction of the anonymous attack on Kemp. Shirley said he was sickened by the incident. "He was distraught and didn't know what to do," said Schulz, who added that he is "absolutely convinced" Shirley was telling the truth. Schulz advised him not to go public about the mailing, for that might damage Shirley's own reputation. Shirley agreed that he should keep silent. Two days later, he resigned as a Bush campaign consultant.

Shirley said he discussed the mailing four times with Atwater, once with Bond. The subject was first broached by Atwater in a phone conversation in late December, he said. "At that time, they [Bush operatives] couldn't decide whether to dump on Dole or Kemp." A separate letter, which was never sent, was drafted denouncing Dole as unacceptable to conservatives. Atwater denied any knowledge of this. That letter, a copy of which Shirley gave me, said Dole's conservatism "smacks of opportunism rather than belief" and his "conservative credentials are dubious and inconsistent." Shirley said the subject of a mailing came up again on January 6 when he met with Bond at Bush headquarters in Washington. Bond indicated he favored an anti-Kemp mailing to CPAC attendees, Shirley said. "I don't think you ought to do this," Shirley said he told Bond. "Besides, how are you going to mail it, anyway?" At this point, Shirley said, Bond picked up a copy of a computer printout and smiled. It was a list of the 800 or so CPAC attendees in 1986. Bond denied ever having had such a list.

According to Shirley, on January 20, a month before CPAC, he got another phone call from Atwater. "How's that CPAC mailing coming?" Atwater asked. "I thought it was dead," Shirley said he responded. "No," Shirley quoted Atwater as saying, "I want it to happen." Conservative activists received the anti-Kemp mailing shortly before CPAC began on February 18. It consisted of a one-page letter and a series of clippings about Kemp. "Jack Kemp is trying to pass himself off as the conservative candidate," the letter said. "But look at this evidence." It said Kemp has "recently attacked the President," "is caving in completely to liberals like Claude Pepper, who wants to buy votes with the Social Security issue," "opposed the Gramm-Rudman deficit reduction bill," "helped lead the fight for the Martin Luther King Holiday," and "is now sponsoring legislation to increase welfare spending." The letter concluded: "Let's sack Kemp—with the truth."

A week after CPAC, Shirley says, he contacted Ed Rogers, an assistant to Atwater, and resigned. Later that day, February 27, Atwater phoned him at his office and asked him not to quit. "I told him I was mad about the mailing," Shirley says. He quotes Atwater as replying: "If I'd known you were opposed to it, we wouldn't have done it." He said he assured Atwater that he would not disclose who had done the mailing. "That's not my style," he said. On March 2 he conferred with Atwater at Bush headquarters one final time and stuck to his decision to resign. He told Atwater, he said, that he would use the merger with Keene as the cover story for his quitting. But his real reason was the mailing. "There was no sense to it," he said. "There's no reason to kick around Jack Kemp when he's at five percent in the polls. The risk outweighs any potential gain. The risk was that it would become known, and all hell would break loose."

SHIRLEY SAID the Kemp mailing was not the only deceptive attack on Kemp cooked up by the Bush campaign. It was just the one followed through on. Last year Bush operatives were nervous about how well Kemp and evangelist Pat Robertson might do in the Michigan GOP presidential caucuses that summer. They were also convinced that Kemp was being aided beyond what federal campaign law allows by the Michigan Opportunity Society (MOS), a political action committee that worked closely with the Kemp campaign but was supposedly independent of it. Their plan was to file a complaint with the Federal Election Commission, said Shirley, and legal papers were drafted by a Washington lawyer for that purpose. But again the Bush campaign didn't want to operate in the open. Instead, Shirley said he was assigned to recruit a young conservative to file the complaint. Shirley found a young law student for the role, but the complaint was never filed. Shirley said he does not know why.

A six-page draft complaint, dated May 14, 1986, was sent to him by a lawyer working for the Bush campaign. Shirley gave me a copy. It alleged that the MOS was really a pro-Kemp committee and should be forced to register with the Federal Election Commission as such. Since Kemp had "authorized" MOS to work in his behalf, Kemp should be declared an official presidential candidate, subject to federal spending limitations, etc. This was nearly

continued on page 24

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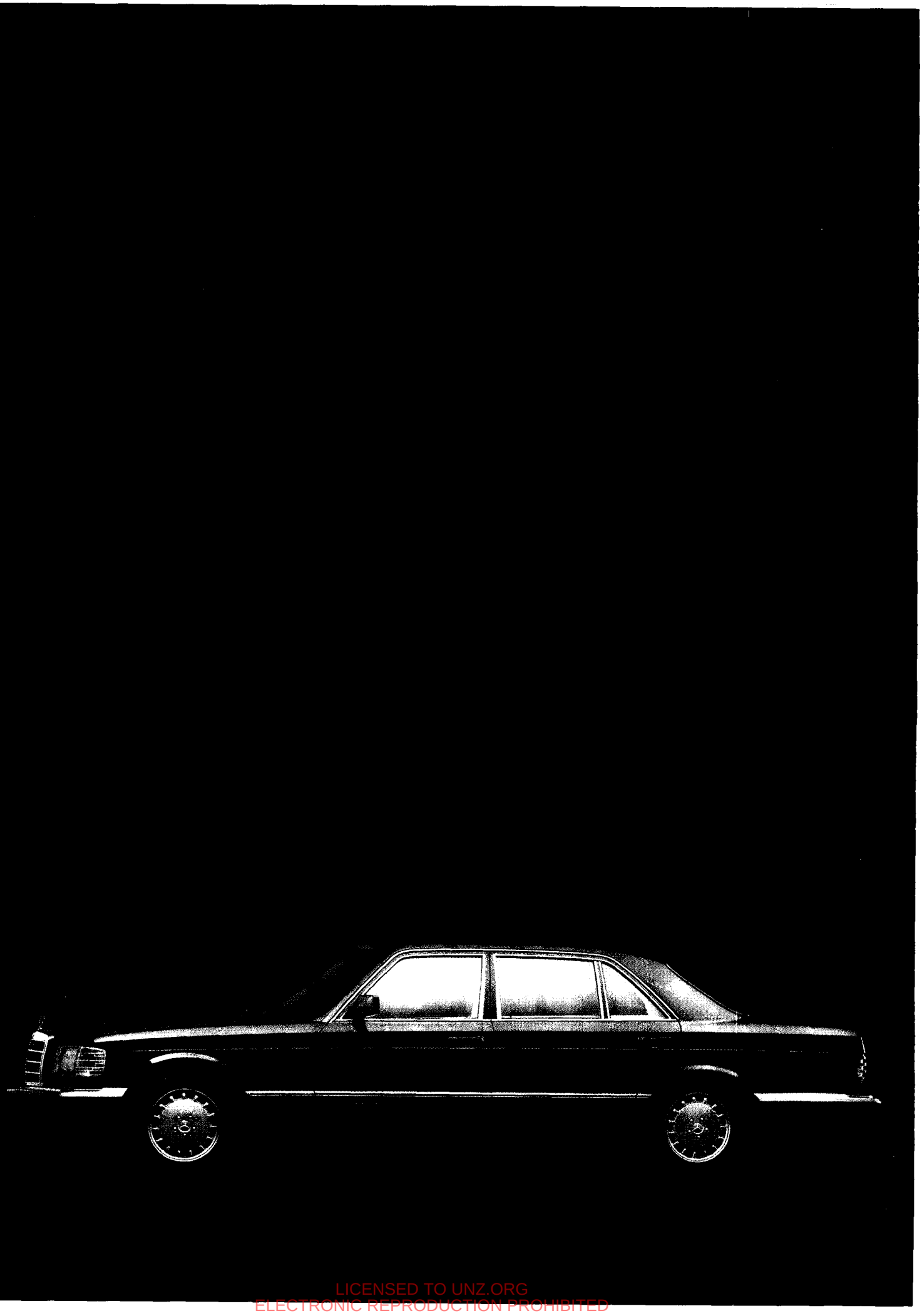

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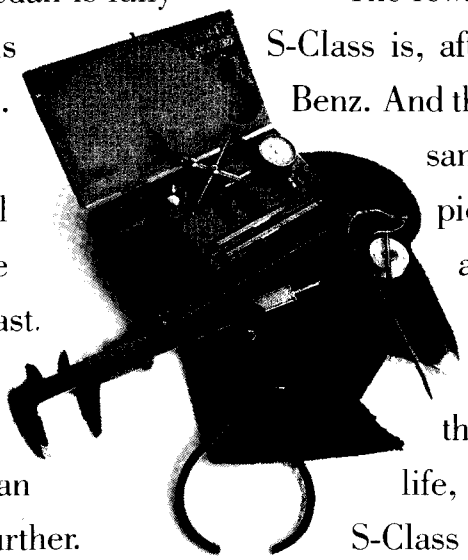
MANY AUTOMOBILE MAKERS ITCH TO BUILD THE PERFECT CAR. THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS IS PROOF THAT SOME SIMPLY ITCH MORE THAN OTHERS.

It is a curious fact that not everyone who seeks the very best in a large sedan is fully aware of just how much sedan this entitles today's buyer to demand.



Some still opt for the overbearing "luxury" sedan in all its bulk and ostentation, unaware that big today can also mean fast, agile and responsive. Somewhat better off are those who have moved up to vivid big-sedan performance—but then go no further.

Then there are those who choose the sedans of the S-Class. The Mercedes-Benz overview is their overview: a large sedan—sufficiently well engineered—can *balance* triple-digit performance with hushed driving ease. Agile handling with an unruffled ride. The fragrance of leather upholstery and the richness of handworked woods with the tactile pleasures and keen precision of a true driver's car.

And the rewards that follow are theirs to enjoy every mile: swift and sure-footed automotive travel on vast highways and unpaved byways alike. Experienced amid sumptuously comfortable surroundings. And in a blissful state of near silence.

The rewards continue—because the S-Class is, after all, built by Mercedes-Benz. And thus is welded, brazed, filed, sanded, polished and nit-picked to completion along an assembly route lined with enough inspections (and inspectors) to make this the most demanding trip of its life, if not any car's life. The S-Class aims not only for the glamour of high technology but also the reassurance of high technological reliability. And reflects almost fifty years of basic Mercedes-Benz safety research and engineering.

You can choose from three S-Class sedans—the 560 SEL and 420 SEL V-8's, and the stunning six-cylinder 300 SDL Turbo. Their character subtly differs from one to another; their blend of high performance and high driving civilization differs from all other large sedans in the world.

Engineered like no other car in the world

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a year before Kemp formally announced. Or the MOS should be declared a Kemp exploratory committee, which also meant its contributions and expenditures would be counted against federal ceilings. But of course the complaint was never filed with the FEC.

When asked about the draft complaint, Atwater said there's no telling what sort of ideas might be written down on paper at Bush headquarters. But the bottom line about an FEC complaint is that none was filed. "This whole thing is spurious as hell," Atwater insisted. Or at least the part about having a complaint drafted by the Bush campaign and then filed by a third party. Bond, for one, argued that pro-Kemp activity in Michigan is "way outside the intent and spirit of the law." I talked to Atwater on July 2, Bond the next day. On July 5, Pardue, the campaign press secretary, had another story. An official at Bush headquarters, she said, recalled having received a draft FEC complaint in the mail, unsolicited and without the author's name—accusations over the transom. That official, Jim Pinkerton, said the complaint "could have been a plant, so I figured better do nothing with it." On July 6 Atwater amended his account. He said the complaint "came to my attention. I had it stopped. They ceased and desisted."

If all this sounds slightly absurd, it is. But let me at least try to straighten out the sequence of accusations. First came the rumors about Bush and adultery. Then there were charges that the Dole campaign was spreading the rumors, though Atwater is adamant that neither he nor anyone else at Bush headquarters accused Keene or other Dole aides of circulating rumors about Bush. "Ask them to show where off-the-record or on-the-record we've accused the Dole people or Keene," he said. "If you search Nexis, you'll never find a place where we did." Nonetheless, Shirley believes Atwater pointed the finger at Keene, and thus next came Shirley's disclosures about dirty tricks in the Bush campaign. Finally, there were accusations against Shirley by Bush people. In other words, the Bush folks are trashing the partner of a Dole adviser on the grounds that he is falsely accusing the Bush campaign of wrongdoing, while that partner thinks the Bush campaign has falsely attacked the Dole campaign, which the Bush folks do indeed believe was spreading false rumors about Bush. Got it? Bush operatives said they have a list of 16 Dole people who circulated the rumors. "But we never released that list and we never are," said Atwater. "We're not accusing them." Could have fooled me.

FRED BARNES

South Korea isn't a democracy—yet.

SEOUL SEARCHING

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

Seoul

There's no question that something wonderful happened here on June 29. South Korea's authoritarian government had been expected to concoct the narrowest set of concessions necessary to placate its opposition, stop the rioting, and avoid martial law. Instead, ruling party chairman Roh Tae Woo went on television and offered the opposition everything it had asked for: direct popular election of the next president, release of political prisoners, restoration of political rights for opposition leader Kim Dae Jung, freedom of the press, autonomy for localities and universities, and respect for human rights. It seemed that South Korea was passing in a flash from dictatorship to democracy. Two days later the dictator himself endorsed Roh's proposals in full. "Let us advance into a new era of democracy," President Chun Doo Hwan told his people. "Let us throw the doors wide open on an era of grand national reconciliation."

Happy as Americans should be for the long-suffering South Koreans if this all truly comes to pass, the satisfaction will be even greater because it comes as part of a gratifying trend. Following the Philippines, South Korea will be the second Asian nation to go democratic in the last two years, and there is a liberalizing trend at work in Taiwan as well. Following similar movements in Central and South America during the last six years and in Spain and Portugal over the last 12 years, South Korea's progress seems to justify America's abiding faith that democracy is not just good for the world, but also the wave of the future. And the record in South Korea, the Philippines, and elsewhere suggests that, whatever its failures in respecting democratic procedures at home, the Reagan administration knows how to be a good shepherd for democracy abroad.

Before anyone gets overwhelmed with euphoria, however, it needs to be observed that South Korea is not home yet. Twice before, in 1960 and 1979, the country got a brief taste of freedom—a "Seoul Spring"—but each time civilian government proved too weak to control events, there was disorder in the streets, and the military seized power. In 1960 a blackmailing, rumor-mongering press contributed to the chaos—a point that opposition co-leader Kim Young Sam made in appealing to newspaper political editors for responsible behavior during a private meeting on July 1.

This time there is more reason for hope, especially be-

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cause South Korea's much-enlarged middle class is demanding political reform, top military officials are reluctant to get involved in politics, and South Korea's manufacturing tycoons think that pictures of tear gas on TV news shows around the world are bad for exports. The country is already the focus of world attention as the site of next year's Olympics, and South Koreans seem determined to establish a political system that will gain them as much respect as their spectacular economic progress already has earned.

STILL, a huge number of compromises need to be reached between the opposition and the government before elections can be held and reconciliation really can take place. South Korea's Confucian culture emphasizes authority and hierarchy rather than consensus, which in the past has always prevented democratic development. According to one experienced Western diplomat here, "Our concept of a free market of ideas is close to their vision of hell. It looks like chaos to them. In our politics, a deal is the measure of success. In theirs, compromise means a shameful abandonment of principle."

Even though Roh's speech represented an unprecedented compromise on principles, and though he followed it up with his first meetings ever with Kim Young Sam and Kim Dae Jung, another Western diplomat warned that "this [calm] is just temporary. There are a hell of a lot of fights to come, and some of them will be in the streets. There will be more crises. The Koreans are great brinksmen."

Already demonstrations and teargassing have resumed on a small scale following the death of a student mortally wounded in last month's riots. An even bigger fight is developing over the opposition's demand that all political prisoners be released before other negotiations begin. The opposition claims that up to 3,000 people are being held for offenses ranging anywhere from simple dissent to violent rioting. The government is ready to release only about 2,000, and has said that amnesty will not be granted to those guilty of "homicide, bodily injury, arson, and vandalism" or those who "have committed treason by repudiating the basic free and democratic order on which our survival hinges."

This is a dispute over deep principle, not technicalities. The government, as the defender of order, traditionally has regarded any dissent as a threat to its authority. The military has deemed itself the ultimate guarantor of order. Meanwhile the opposition justifiably regards student demonstrators—even radicals who do not believe in democracy—as the battering ram for democratic change. Historically, students often have suffered death, grievous injury, long imprisonment, and the loss of their careers in order to protest government repression.

In South Korea the security police watch, tap, photograph, and infiltrate on a vast scale. They haul people out of their homes by the hair, lock them up, and often beat them brutally for labor organizing, demonstrating, listening to North Korean broadcasts, publishing, or just reading left-wing literature. Within the past year, the Chun government was jailing people merely for signing petitions on behalf of direct elections. During last month's riots, horrified American journalists say they saw police crush the spine of one student with kicks and then carry him away with his legs dangling lifeless beneath him. The Americans could find no record of his being admitted to any hospital.

Another deep issue of principle is "Kwangju," shorthand for the 1980 massacre of 200 to 2,000 rebels by South Korean army troops during disorders in that southern city protesting Chun's military takeover of the country. It's possible—if an atmosphere of trust develops on other issues—that compromises may be reached over Kwangju. Roh, Chun's supporter in the 1979 military coup, is hinting at apologies from the government, compensation for victims' families, and construction of a monument to the dead. Kim Dae Jung, who was sentenced to death on unsubstantiated charges of fomenting the Kwangju rebellion, said after Roh's speech, "I absolutely oppose any political revenge against Chun and his cronies if they will cooperate in bringing about democracy." If they do not, of course, the opposition might revert to its old stance of demanding trials and punishment of those responsible, which in turn will make it all the more difficult to reach agreement on political issues.

It helps in the forthcoming negotiations that each side believes it can win a fair election. But there is much wrangling to come over such questions as who will control the election machinery, including vote-counting, and whether the opposition will get a chance to present its case on government-controlled television. Every government employee in South Korea is appointed by presidential authority, down to the lowliest school janitor, which gives the ruling Democratic Justice Party a potentially powerful advantage at the local level. Until the week of Roh's speech, opposition politicians were almost totally frozen out of TV coverage. Even afterward, the best they got was one close-up shot of Kim Young Sam—the first ever—and that only in connection with a surprise visit from Roh. Newspapers have been extensively quoting Kim Dae Jung for the first time in seven years, but TV has yet to show him.

TO GUARANTEE that the elections are impartial, Kim Dae Jung is recommending that Chun form a "pan-national" government not controlled by the DJP. He has not demanded it, but that could happen if the opposition begins to suspect that it won't get a fair shake in the voting. To back up this or any other condition, students are prepared to resume demonstrations. They developed an increased prestige among the middle class during the June demonstrations by forcing Chun to abandon his April 13 decision ending constitutional negotiations and decreeing that his successor would be chosen by rules written by the DJP. If the government is seen not to be bargaining in good faith, or if negotiations otherwise bog down, there could be a resumption of large-scale street disorder, and renewed fears of martial law—"brinksmanship," as the diplomat said. The negotiating process also is under severe time pressure. Chun plans to leave office in February, so that

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elections must be held this year, and the constitution requires a 90-day period for ratification of new election laws by the National Assembly and notice to the public.

IF SOUTH KOREA actually navigates its way through the dangers ahead, the credit for its passage to democracy will belong overwhelmingly to the South Koreans themselves. But the Reagan administration so far has developed a record of constructive intervention that contrasts sharply with that of its well-meaning predecessor. Jimmy Carter's ambassador to South Korea, William Gleysteen, charges in a book published last year called *The Diplomacy of Human Rights* (University Press of America) that relentless public criticism from Washington "may have unwittingly contributed to President Park's fall and the unhappy chain of subsequent events," meaning Chun's 1979 military coup, Kwangju, and seven years of continuing dictatorship.

According to Gleysteen, former dictator Park Chung Hee already had been weakened by Carter's plans to withdraw U.S. troops from South Korea and by the Koreagate scandal involving bribery of U.S. officials. "A steady stream of public complaint" from official spokesmen in Washington "failed to accomplish anything [positive] in Korea," Gleysteen wrote. Meanwhile, "Our high human rights profile emboldened opposition and dissident elements . . . encouraging them to climb out on a limb from which we could not rescue them."

Carter finally held a summit with Park in June 1979, during which the United States reversed plans for troop withdrawals and Park released some political prisoners. "But the period of relaxation was brief," wrote Gleysteen. "Within months, political, labor, and student problems boiled up, and President Park lost his grip to the point that his confidant, Korean CIA director Kim Jae Kyu, seemed convinced—quite wrongly—that the nation would welcome his bloody assassination of Park," which occurred on October 26. "Partly because of their conviction that a new era of U.S. support had dawned under Carter," Gleysteen concludes, "opposition political leaders, labor unionists, religious dissidents, and students adopted more confrontational tactics on the assumption that they would have U.S. support. Fed by confrontation and other volatile factors, events spiraled tragically out of control."

The Reagan administration, by contrast, avoided identifying with the opposition or undercutting the regime. Oppositionists charged the United States was tilting toward Chun, but Reagan officials claim their posture allowed them to maintain credibility with the government and nudge it toward democracy. Reagan officials contend that in both the Philippines and South Korea the government always knew that the United States stood for more democracy, even if the public did not, and that instead of trying to force change before its time, the United States waited until the countries were ready. Reagan intermediaries did induce Chun to spare Kim Dae Jung's life in 1980, but in return Chun became the first foreign leader to visit Reagan after his inauguration, infuriating the opposition.

In an interview on June 30, Kim Dae Jung said that it was not until June 10 of this year, when it became obvious the South Korean public would not stand for Chun's effort to deliver the presidency to Roh, that the Reagan administration began working for democracy. This ignores what Reagan officials say was their real pattern: constant praise for Chun's announced decision to be the first South Korean leader to relinquish power voluntarily, plus quiet diplomatic intervention to protest human rights abuses and encourage reform. The administration went public in a major way in February, when Assistant Secretary of State Gaston Sigur urged the South Korean government to "civilianize." Sigur also was the key player last month in warning against martial law or a military coup.

Western diplomats say that martial law—or a variation called garrison decree, in which troops are used to back up civilian authority—was strongly considered by the Chun government on June 19, after police nearly lost control in several cities, especially Pusan. The State Department issued a sharp statement that day, President Reagan wrote to Chun counseling restraint, and Sigur came to Seoul for a visit from June 22 to 25. While there, he visited Kim Dae Jung and his car was menacingly bounced by demonstrators shouting the opposition leader's name and "Yankee Go Home." Diplomats strongly suspect the demonstrators actually were government goons. On his departure, Sigur said, "Our position is crystal clear. We oppose martial law." Asked if he had said that to Chun, he answered, "I did indeed."

According to one Western diplomat, "When we saw that things were getting unstuck, we brought in Mr. Democracy, an old friend, to tell them publicly that there shouldn't be military intervention." Sigur, this diplomat pointed out, had 20 years of standing as a North Asian scholar and was a member of Reagan's 1980 Asian policy transition team, along with two other conservatives who became Reagan's ambassadors to South Korea, Dixie Walker and current Ambassador James Lilley.

The Reaganites, says a diplomat, "are able to say to the regime, 'We love you, but it's time to change,' which a Dick Holbrooke [Carter's top Asian diplomat] never could do. If you lecture the Koreans about military intervention, what you get back is, 'What did you do at Kent State? This is accepted practice around the world.' Instead, we say, 'If you do it, there will be terrible consequences.' " The "consequences" are unspecified sanctions from the U.S. Congress, which suggests that liberal Democrats also have a useful role to play in Reaganite diplomacy, if only as bogeymen.

WITH LUCK, South Korea won't have any more dictators after Chun leaves office. Who will succeed him? Until June 29 there seemed no question that in a fair election Roh's chances would be zero. He was the hated Chun's crony and designated successor, and was even being undercut by his sponsor and other members of the party he headed. Chun had assigned Roh the task of negotiating constitutional reform, but then pushed him aside to

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cancel the talks. The weekend before Roh's dramatic Monday morning speech, rumors were floating that he would be dropped as the DJP's presidential candidate. "Roh was facing political death," said one Western diplomat. "He had to take a hell of a political gamble, or he was finished."

Colleagues and foreign diplomats say that Roh had been favorably disposed to a sweeping compromise for several months, but was decisively moved to act by members of the majority DJP caucus in the National Assembly, who argued that the party could win an election under the right circumstances but was going to lose control of the country if events continued as they were going. The June 21 caucus may represent one of the many milestones of political maturity that South Korea has observed lately—the establishment of a real political party system. In the past, parties have been solely the creation of a major personality such as Chun or Park, and have died out the minute that man passed from the scene.

In an election race, the DJP will be able to claim that it is the party of national security, prosperity, world respect, the Olympics—and, now, democracy as well. In addition, Roh's sweeping action has given him luster. Even though he is a former general, he's developed into a canny politician as his party's National Assembly floor leader and party chairman. Opposition politicians say they probably will build their campaign around the theme "Get Rid of the Military" and around alleged corruption by Chun and members of his family. One opposition politician said, "In Korean politics, to advocate is to lose; to oppose is to win."

ACTUALLY, the opposition Reunification Democratic Party does have an attractive, progressive program that includes reduced government control of the economy (which is strongly influenced by an Economic Planning Board and government-dominated banks), greater power and independence for the National Assembly and judiciary (currently virtual rubber stamps for the president), protection of labor unions, expansion of women's rights (currently almost nonexistent), expansion of welfare programs, political neutrality for the military, and elimination of the combat police.

Both parties favor maintenance of military security against North Korea, and also talks designed to reunify the country peacefully, if that's possible. Both parties also favor maintaining military ties with the United States, although on the left-to-radical end of the opposition there is deep bitterness against the United States for supporting the country's various dictators in the past. The radical left is wedded to "dependency theory"—the idea that South Korea and its people have been used by the United States (and also Japan) as a source of cheap labor for multinational corporations and as a storage place for nuclear weapons. The radicals also accuse the United States of fanning hostility between North and South Korea to maintain its strategic position.

Regardless of which party rules South Korea in the future, there is bound to be friction with the United States based on trade competition, rising nationalism, America's relative loss of military and economic power, and resentment over past dependency. Even South Koreans who praised American efforts to bring about reform were grousing last month that Americans—not just the Reagan people, but even such long-standing human rights advocates as Representative Stephen Solarz—seemed to be taking credit for what the South Koreans themselves had accomplished. Even South Korean businessmen with close ties to the United States say that America's top interests in their country have been in stability and the protection of Japan from communism, not South Korean democracy. "When you could get what you wanted with military dictators in charge, that was OK," said one executive. "Now that Korea won't stand for that anymore, you've changed positions."

IN THE presidential race, the probable RDP candidate is Kim Young Sam, who is a devoted fighter for democracy and a political centrist, but who lacks the populist charisma of a Kim Dae Jung. The latter Kim, who got 45 percent of the vote against Park Chung Hee in 1971, is bitterly hated by the military—so much so that many observers expect that his accession to power would spark a coup. Kim promised last November that he would not run for president if the government agreed to hold direct presidential elections. After Roh's concession on that point, Kim began making candidate-like noises but said there was "no change, at this time" from his November commitment. The Kims disastrously split once before, in 1980, and have vowed not to do it again, but so far they have not developed a concerted strategy for fighting Roh.

Neither Kim, despite heroic service to the cause of democracy, is wildly popular among the South Korean population. In Kim Dae Jung's case, this is partly the result of regional prejudice. He is a Cholla, hailing from the traditionally depressed (and repressed) southwest region. "Chollas have chips on their shoulders," according to South Korean stereotype, and they are also said to be crafty and unscrupulous. Kim did not graduate from any of South Korea's elite prep schools or colleges, and his enemies like to label him an opportunist and a demagogue. Kim Young Sam has none of his collaborator's cultural handicaps, but he suffers from lack of experience in governing and from the reputation of being an "ordinary politician" without much vision.

American officials, unfortunately, betray a preference for Roh Tae Woo that may yet get this country into trouble with the opposition and with the South Korean public. There has been no public endorsement, of course, but background briefers tend to extol the virtues of Roh and highlight the disadvantages of the Kims. The Reagan administration has done good work up to now, but there is still more to do in securing South Korean democracy—by talking to the military about adopting a new and less intrusive role in politics, by suggesting constitutional compromises and helping to guarantee fair elections. With difficult negotiations and potential disruptions still ahead, the United States can't afford to seem partisan. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Blank Cartridge

The best that can be said of *Full Metal Jacket* is that there are traces of Stanley Kubrick in it. This, obviously, is also the worst that can be said of it. Kubrick's new film, his first in eight years, is about the Vietnam War. After years of preparation in the hands of a man celebrated for his penetration and style, the picture adds almost nothing to our knowledge of its subject and adds it in a manner almost devoid of visual distinction.

Full Metal Jacket
(Warner Bros.)

War has been a recurrent Kubrick theme: Roman revolt (*Spartacus*), World War One (*Paths of Glory*), a future Armageddon (*Dr. Strangelove*). Each of these was in its way a humane statement and a fulfilled film. Subsequently Kubrick slid into self-indulgences, hermetic preenings. *2001* abandoned narrative and characterization for cinematic and technological gamboling. *A Clockwork Orange* was a shockingly banal treatment of future shock. *Barry Lyndon* was a clumsy scaffold for precious picture-making. *The Shining* grabbed sweatily for pseudo-profundities in a gimmicky horror story. Some critics have applauded Kubrick's "evolution"—his liberation from aesthetically inhibiting humanism. If one could honestly eliminate the quotation marks, then Kubrick could be placed somewhere in the company of, among others, Syberberg and Jancsó, who have burst past the territory of traditional narrative, traditional humanism, to dominions of their own. But *Full Metal Jacket* betrays Kubrick's avant-garde admirers. It makes no advances in anti-traditional art. In fact, its small rewards are conventionally humanistic.

The title describes the cartridges in a Marine rifle. Kubrick wrote the screenplay with Michael Herr, author of *Dispatches*, and Gustav Hasford, author of *The Short Timers*, the novel on which the screenplay is based. That script is the first—and the last—trouble. Much of it is trite, and its three main sections are not well joined. Part One is set in Parris Island, South Carolina, the U.S. Marine Corps boot camp; and it begins—can you believe this?—with a tough drill instructor chewing out a group of raw recruits. This whole long training-camp sequence suggests that all U.S. drill instructors, in all the armed forces, are rehearsed by Hollywood. ("No, sergeant! Try it again, and don't pause after 'shithead'—read right through to the next line.") Throughout this training-camp sequence, we wonder if Kubrick has been so sequestered, so solipsistically bent, that he hasn't seen any of the nearly identical sequences in many films of the last decade. His one new touch is to include a recruit whose unsuitability to the Corps molders into psychosis, resulting in murder and suicide; but Kubrick telegraphs the man's approaching breakdown with elephantine touches—like close-ups of the man's eyes turning almost inward. And Kubrick leaves us wondering why the Marines accepted this overweight applicant, allowed him to remain overweight, and retained him despite his ludicrous inadequacy. (Two of the combat trainees wear eyeglasses; apparently this is not extraordinary.)

The double killing is witnessed by another recruit, Private Joker. (All the characters have *Catch-22* nicknames.) Up to that point Joker has been only slightly distinguished from the group he's in; suddenly he becomes the film's protagonist. We cut to Vietnam, to Danang, where Joker is now attached to *Stars and Stripes* as a correspondent. Part Two consists principally of cynical conferences of the newspaper's staff, after which Joker and a photographer are sent up to the Hue area, seemingly as a punishment for flippancy at a staff meeting. Part Three takes place around the time of the Tet offensive early in 1968. Joker is attached to a squad that is sent out on patrol; they encounter and ultimately kill a sniper who first kills several of the squad. That sequence is by far the most engrossing in the film, but it relies almost entirely on the most commonplace of battle action and dialogue. And Kubrick shows a hint of desperation: he heightens suspense by inserting some angles from the sniper's point of view—one of those formal breaches that wouldn't matter if they didn't obtrude.

In the very last sequence a large body of Marines moves slowly through ravaged terrain, in ghastly light, singing the Mickey Mouse Club song. It's a last-ditch attempt to claim a bitter-satire badge for the film.

For me, a pressing question was: What does *Full Metal Jacket* add after *Platoon*? Concede that Kubrick made his picture as an entity in itself and that, ideally, it ought to be so considered. Experientially this is impossible. To answer my question, I went to see *Platoon* again—and Kubrick's picture diminished further. *Platoon*, for all its soggy voice-over letters to grandma, begins from its first moment to weave a visual texture of immediacy, of gravity, that the good acting and dialogue only substantiate. Kubrick, renowned as a cunning stylist, has made most of his film merely competently and, in Part One, predictably. Structurally *Platoon* is simple but cohesive: a newcomer's tour of duty. Structurally *Full Metal Jacket* is epi-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Jean de Florette. Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu are earthy in Claude Berri's version of Marcel Pagnol's Provençal farm novel. Strong old-fashioned stuff. (Reviewed 7/6/87)

Roxanne. An updated version of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, set in the U.S., that has romance and charm? Steve Martin good as the mod Cyrano? Incredible. But true. (6/29/87)

The Untouchables. Al Capone and Eliot Ness square off once again in Chicago, 1930. Brian De Palma's gory, gorgeous spectacle is a super gangster flick. (6/22/87)

Withnail and I. 1969. Two young, unemployed London actors in a witty, brusque rite of passage written and directed by Bruce Robinson. (7/13&20/87)

SK

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sodic, uncumulative. Part One could be dropped completely without markedly damaging the rest. The killings in the boot camp toilet have nothing to do with what follows. Joker witnesses those killings, and it is Joker who finally dispatches the wounded sniper at the end; but that ending would not suffer a whit without that beginning. And as for satirical tone, the banter in the *Stars and Stripes* office, the gags between members of Joker's squad, the Mickey Mouse song at the end are placid grotesquerie compared with the counterpoint of gallows humor in *Platoon*. (Joker has the words "Born to Kill" lettered on his helmet, and he also wears a peace symbol on his tunic; he says—he actually says—that this contradiction represents "the duality of man.")

A few elements in Kubrick's film remind us of the director that was. After the deaths in the toilet, he cuts sharply to the behind of a miniskirted Vietnamese prostitute as she walks toward a café table where Joker and a friend are seated. The walk leads to a conversation and a camera-snatching by a thief in one smooth flavorful sequence that establishes us in the new environment. After the sniper is wounded in the last section—it's a young woman—the squad surrounds her; and the camera circles the Marines' faces as we hear the suffering woman plead, "Shoot me." Joker, adequately played by Matthew Modine, brings himself to do it. A moving moment. And the setting of the sniper episode is excellent, the best kind of realistic design: it combines verity with ingenious shapes that propel the action forward. The designer was Anton Furst, but it's generally believed that Kubrick oversees, more than oversees, everything.

Three elements in a long film, a film that wouldn't enlighten us much about Vietnam even if *Platoon*—or the earlier *Go Tell the Spartans* (soon to be rereleased)—did not exist. Lately Kubrick said of the adverse critical response to his recent work that "everybody's always expecting the last movie again, and they're sometimes angry—I mean some critics—because they're expecting something else." This critic was certainly expecting something else: not, heaven forbid, Kubrick's last movie, but the reappearance of his former skill and pungency. Not forthcoming. *Full Metal Jacket* seems further proof that Kubrick is still trapped in self-pleasing cinematic exercise.

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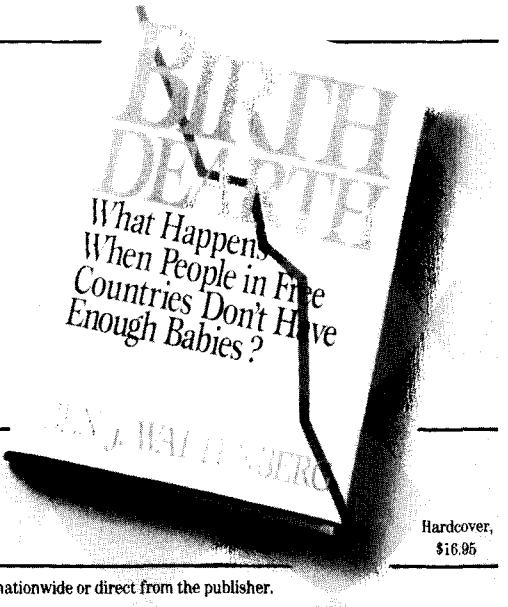

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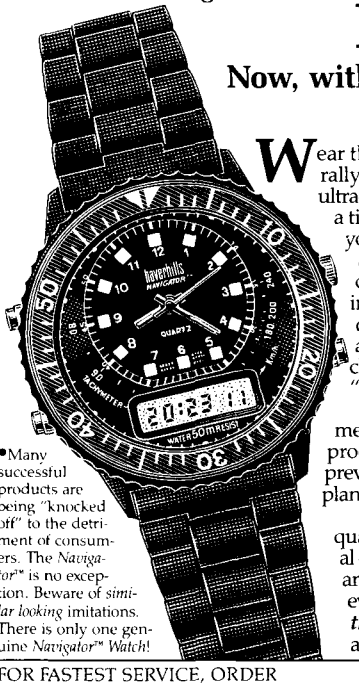

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PRE-POSTMODERNISM

The Futurist Moment: Avant-Garde, Avant Guerre, and the Language of Rupture
by Marjorie Perloff

(University of Chicago Press, 288 pp., $24.95)

Futurism and Futurisms
edited by Pontus Hulten

(Abbeville Press, 639 pp., $85)

By about 1905, the cultural solution of *la fin de siècle* in Europe had reached supersaturation. In many major cities, linked by good trains and rapid postal services into a surprisingly close community, artistic circles were both exhausted and expectant. Out of a rich mixture of naturalism, symbolism, decadence, and anarchism, of Bergson, Nietzsche, Jarry, and Sorel precipitated before World War I a series of movements that explored the most significant modern tendencies in the arts. Fauvism, Cubism, (Italian) Futurism, (Russian) Cubo-Futurism, Der Blaue Reiter, (English) Vorticism—they succeeded and overlapped one another in an unprecedented display of artistic energies. Among these schools, however, historical circumstances have tended to keep Futurism in the background.

The hegemony of Paris in the art world has obscured the stunning success of Filippo Marinetti's international tours between 1912 and 1914. A master of self-promotion, Marinetti performed brilliantly on stage as an agitator for his Futurist movement, launched with a manifesto in 1909, and for the half-dozen uninhibited painters who accepted his leadership. Confusion and rivalry ensued around 1911, when newspapers started calling Russian artists and writers Futurists; like the Italians, the Russians practiced tactics of public performance and scandal. In the yeasty years that led up to World War I, both groups announced a program of reconstructing the world according to a fanatical utopian program that would place the artist's imagination in charge of society. Italian Futurism went on to make an uneasy contribution to Mussolini's Fascism. In Russia, after a few years of collaboration with the revolutionary government, Cubo-Futurism was ground to nothing by the Soviet state; it ended in a series of suicides.

In the United States we tend to distrust such utopian programs, as well as any organized, self-promoting artistic movement that engages in bombast. For these reasons we have favored looser and less political schools such as Cubism, and individual artists who kept their distance from faction—Pasternak, Klee, Valéry, Eliot, Matisse. Gradually, however, scholars have been informing us about the half-forgotten Futurisms, even the discredited Italian brand. The pioneer works in English are Joshua Taylor's informative catalog that accompanied the Museum of Modern Art exhibition in 1961, and Marianne Martin's superb *Futurist Art and Theory* (1968). They opened the way for R. W. Flint's edition of *Selected Writings of Marinetti* (1972); for a major exhibit and catalog at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, *Futurism and the International Avant-Garde* (1980); and for a wonderful small show and catalog on "Word and Image" at the Yale University Art Gallery, *The Futurist Imagination* (1983). These publications establish a judicious perspective on the participants' inflated statements about their goals and accomplishments.

The books under review make two very different contributions to the fortunes of Italian and Russian Futurism. Marjorie Perloff has written studies of Robert Lowell, Ezra Pound, Frank O'Hara, and modernist poetics, always with increasing attention to the visual arts and to European backgrounds. The Futurist "moment" that she examines in her new book encompasses all the pre-war avant-gardes. She lumps them together in their ambition to overthrow the past and seek a New Age. The wide angle of her lens glimpses the whole European scene between 1905 and 1914, and the vital connections of the arts today to that resurgent moment. *Futurism and Futurisms*, by contrast, catalogs the inaugural 1986 exhibition of over 1,200 items at the Palazzo Grassi in Venice. The Swedish scholar and museum director Pontus Hulten, formerly of the Pompidou Center and the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art, directed 30 scholars in producing a presumably definitive record of Futurism as an international movement in every aspect of culture, including dress and furniture.

Perloff subordinates her wide-ranging research on Italian and Russian Futurism to a pervasive thesis. The pre-war moment of "remarkable rapprochement between avant-garde aesthetic, radical politics, and popular culture" furnishes the true origins of "our own postmodern urge to break down the centered, hierarchical orders of the past." The intervening, reactionary chapter of high modernism separates us from this essential period, in which collage, "Words Set Free," and other devices were invented. I concur that literature and the arts in the '80s have a special affinity with the 1905-14 period; I remain skeptical about the name and nature of "our own postmodern urge."

Perloff begins with a lengthy examination of "the first simultanist book," the seven-foot-tall *La Prose du Transsibérien* (1913)—poem by Blaise Cendrars, "simultaneous colors" by Sonia Delaunay. Perloff's rhapsodic discussion does not convince me that this curio is Cendrars's best poem (I would vote for *Dix-Neuf Poèmes Elastiques*), or that he was "the prototype of the new 'total' Futurist artist." Perloff's second chapter on "The Invention of Collage" gives a superb account of the way the Futurists, Italian and Russian, transformed the Cubist technique. She argues that collage's rejection of representation and of individual consciousness liberated both painting and poetry. The juxtaposition of fragments in Picasso and Giacomo Balla, in Cendrars and Marinetti demands more attention to composition than to subject matter. Perloff perceives and welcomes the essential theatricality of the Futurist manifestos.

A chapter on the uncoupling of the word from its conventional meaning in Russian Futurism leads into a convincing demonstration of the impact of Futurist "Words Set Free" on Pound's poetic style. The conversational prosody and scorelike typography of his *Cantos* took shape precisely in 1913-14, when he and Wyndham Lewis were developing Vorticism and publishing *Blast*. The final pages of *The Futurist Moment* deal with public monuments as they represent the Futurist ambition to reach a mass public.

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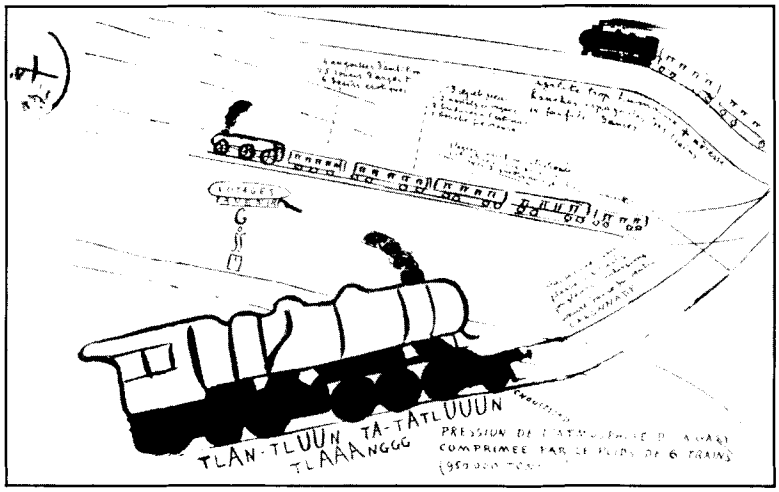
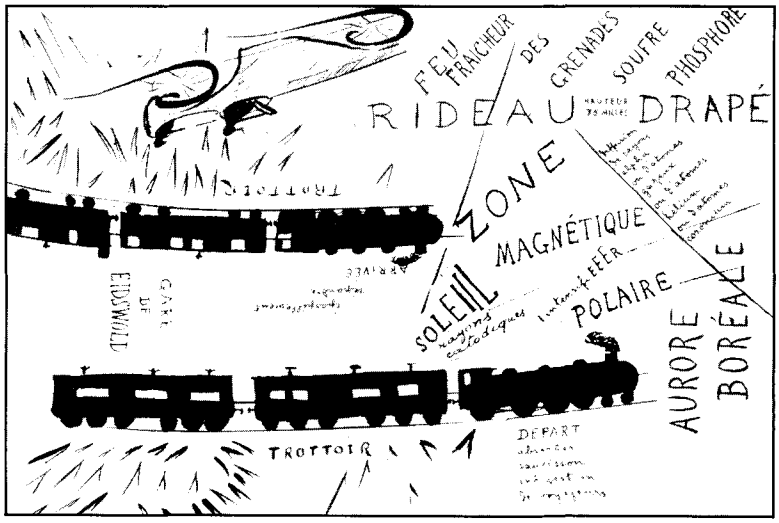
Apollinaire, Cendrars, and Barthes all celebrated the Eiffel Tower in their fashion; and the monuments that the late Robert Smithson discovered and imagined and recorded in Passaic, New Jersey, or erected in an abandoned quarry in Holland, revive the Futurist "spirit of invention, or rupture, of the concept of art work as something that can actually *change* our landscapes and our lives."

Perloff combines solid scholarship with enthusiasm and provides a fine selection of reproductions in black and white and in color. She does not waste her time on old debates over priority (Italian vs. Russian Futurism, Apollinaire vs. Cendrars) or on the political collapse of Futurism into Fascism. She studies the Futurist movement because she believes it is still with us. At times her concern with the contemporary deflects or distorts the discussion of her chosen historical moment. She consistently favors the dynamic and disruptive over the decadent and reflective. The surface of her exposition remains very busy, fitting in cross-references and citations of recent critics. But she makes no reference to two books closely related to her topic, John Berger's *The Moment of Cubism* and Max Kozloff's *Cubism/Futurism*.

My principal reservation concerns a central omission, reflected in Perloff's choice of title. Futurism mounted an enormous international campaign for speed and motion, for war and violence, for "Words Set Free," for the rejection of the past, for the appeal to the masses. But the "moment" that Perloff wishes to set before us in all its excitement participates equally in a different ism—primitivism. Though this current was never organized into a school, it affected all artists of the epoch. Yet many important elements of the period—not just African and Oceanic sculptures, but also children's art; the art of the insane; a powerful wave of interest in the occult, the spiritual, and magic; and the constant presence of Bergson's philosophy of non-rational ways of organizing experience—are not discussed and barely mentioned in *The Futurist Moment*. The incompleteness of the account may be attributable to Perloff's eagerness to establish postmodernism as continuous with her version of Futurism, and to get off a few whacks in passing at high modernism and its accompanying New Criticism. But primitivism burns as bright as Futurism in the relations of the arts today with the pre-World War I decade. Perloff's writings ask us to remain attentive to three levels of analysis: to abstractions, such as textuality and theatricality; to the complex dynamics of artistic schools and movements; and to the qualities of individual works. Her eye, her ear, and her store of knowledge work best together in the last category.



FILIPPO MARINETTI, *WORDS SET FREE (TRAIN ANGUISH)*, c. 1915



FILIPPO MARINETTI, *WORDS SET FREE (RIDEAU DRAPÉ)*, c. 1915

I did not visit the Venice exhibition of Futurism. The evidence of Hulten's volume confirms other accounts about the scope of that event and its organizers' resolve to project the international side of the movement. *Futurism and Futurisms* does not follow the art-historical format that has become the norm for exhibition catalogs in recent years: a handful of scholars contribute careful essays to the catalog and collectively propose a revisionist understanding of the works displayed. Hulten offers something both more and less ambitious. Instead of several scholarly essays, he opens with eight sketchy pages of his own that provide a little background information and standard answers to a few critical questions.

In affirming the neglected influence of Futurism, he fleetingly mentions the Baroque as a model for the grandiose projects of the Italian artists. The analogy will not bear scrutiny. There are probably more Futurist manifestos than masterpieces, a proportion that does not hold for the vast category of Baroque art. Hulten observes that "Cubism was individualistic and contemplative; Futurism was social, political, and aggressive," but leaves himself no space to refine this generalization. The intellectual climate of 1900 is schematically presented in a list of 15 "revolutionary books." Without commentary the list signifies very little. The genuine problems of Marinetti's personality, his megalomania and his sexual obsessions, go by in a paragraph. "Eros and Thanatos were confused in Marinetti's imagination, as they were in the Marquis de Sade's and Lautréamont's. . . . The incompatibility of power and love seems not to have been clear to [him]." Hulten's introduction, in sum, does not support its last sentence: "Futurism has profoundly changed our ideas about ourselves and about history."

Yet the 400 pages of beautifully re-

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produced and carefully labeled color illustrations that follow establish without any accompanying commentary the achievement of the Futurist painters. Particularly Giacomo Balla, Umberto Boccioni (who died at 34), and Carlo Carrà worked steadily to evolve a style that moved beyond the depiction of movement into exploring the frontiers of the non-figurative. Almost a quarter of this superb visual documentation deals with Futurist paintings outside Italy, from Argentina to Sweden, and above all in Russia and Great Britain. Both Cubism and Futurism challenge the viewer to engage in decipherment and detection in order to grasp the composition, but the immense Venice show reveals that as a rule the Futurist painters maintained a compositional element that the Cubists jettisoned very early: frontality. A Futurist painting often registers successive images seen from a single perspective; a Cubist painting superposes several different perspectives.

THE REMAINDER of this mammoth volume is composed of 200 three-column illustrated pages of a "Dictionary of Futurism," contributed by 30 art historians; an international chronology from 1900 to 1930; a catalog; a bibliography; and an index. If you know what to look up, the dictionary synthesizes a large fund of information on the artists, the writers, and related subjects: for example, Café-Cabaret; Cinema; Futurist Soirées; Mass Audience; Typography and Layout; Women, Futurist. Some of the most important discussions are tucked away in unpredictable entries. The longest of them, "Ideology," argues quite properly against "the hasty reduction of Futurism to the category of Fascism," and goes on to prevaricate about Marinetti's political and personal ties to Mussolini. "On the whole Futurism had no ideology." We are told to look instead for "an attitude toward life." Later you may discover another entry, "Reconstruction of the Universe," and read about the Futurists' "global aspiration . . . [to] revolutioniz[e] the surrounding environment." You will also find a partial list (not given under "Manifestos") of the 50-odd manifestos that laid plans for revolution, including two political manifestos (1909 and 1914). Under "Settimelli, Enrico" you will come upon the 1914 document "Weights, Measures, and Prices of Artistic Genius":

> The Futurist measurement of a work of art means an exact scientific determination expressed in formulas of the quality of cerebral energy represented by the existent impression which people may have of the work. . . . We therefore ask the state to create a body of law for the purpose of guarding and regulating the sale of genius.

Having founded their own political party, the Futurists joined Mussolini at the very beginning of Fascism, in the hope that the state would implement their utopian program. It was an uneasy relationship. The entry on "Marinetti" states bluntly that Futurism "is animated by a 'totalitarian' impetus. . . . From the beginning, politics were inherent in the movement's ideology." On Marinetti as leader and artist the entry is defensive and inadequate. One has to look under "Mayakovsky" to find the Cendrars quote that best captures Marinetti and Mayakovsky (and Tzara): "Poetry = Advertising."

To find any illumination of the famous sentence from Marinetti's first manifesto, "We will glorify war . . . and contempt for women," you have to look under "Love and Sexuality." That article quotes from Marinetti's books *Against Love and the Parliamentary Process* and *How to Seduce Women*. It also prints the full text of the *Manifesto of Lust* by the Futurist poet and superwoman Valentine de Saint-Pont, which appeared in 1913. "The satisfaction of their lust is the conquerors' due. . . . It is natural for the victors, proven in war, to turn to rape in the conquered land, so that life may be recreated." Like Marinetti, she believed in the elimination of all "sentiment" from relations between men and women. These two Futurist writers carried on the 19th-century anti-feminist ideas trenchantly and wittily traced by Bram Dijkstra in his recent *Idols of Perversity*. The brief reference in this article to "Marinetti's masculine hysteria" may seem puzzling, unless one knows from other sources how forcefully he admired Gabriele D'Annunzio as a "distinguished seducer," opposed marriage and family, and envisioned war as a gigantic act of coitus.

Though packed with detailed accounts of an important cultural movement, the written parts of *Futurism and Futurisms* remain incomplete, tendentious, and poorly edited. The absence of cross-references diminishes the book's usefulness as a reference work. Nothing tells the reader that 13 Futurist manifestos are reproduced in full in various entries. The short bibliography, which lists only books published since 1974, does not mention the two books a curious reader should consult first: Joshua Taylor's *Futurism* and Marianne Martin's *Futurist Art and Theory*. But the reproductions in this volume constitute the best existing record, in quantity and quality, of Italian Futurist painting.

WAS THERE a discernible "moment" in the years before World War I for which we should have a name and a definition? For two important London exhibitions Clive Bell chose the term "Post-Impressionism." It could not stick. Pound's and Lewis's "Vortex" is far more apt and descriptive; but it is too late to transfer it from a part to the whole. The descriptive difficulty lies in the tight intertwining during the pre-war decade of at least three strands. In Paris and Russia, artists and writers grafted disembodied formal relations onto primitive visions to produce Cubism. In Italy and Russia, a quest for velocity, collective action, utopian ideas, and mass audiences coalesced as Futurism. Overlapping these two currents, and particularly strong in German movements like Der Blaue Reiter, was a third current composed of artists who abandoned the representation of reality in order to express an inner, universal spirituality. Books by Wassily Kandinsky, Clive Bell, Wilhelm Worringer, and P. D. Ouspensky contributed to this tendency, which ultimately became Abstract Expressionism. All these styles shared one compositional principle: the juxtaposition of states of mind, of different times and places, of different points of view. Metaphor, montage, collage, the interpenetration of planes—all these devices can best be subsumed under the term "simultanism." Just before the war various artists squabbled over who had used the term first. Berger and Perloff and Kozloff have opened up space for a book that might usefully be called *The Simultanist Moment*.

Still, our desire for synthesis and unity should not blind us to an uncomfortable discrimination that Perloff's and Hulten's books oblige us to make. A large segment of art and literature moved through collage and free verse toward a preoccupation with manipulating the medium itself. The masterpieces of high Cubism and Russian Rayonism and Suprematism seek a condition of autonomy in art far removed from social change and popular appeal. Another segment, linked most directly to the paired figures of Mayakovsky and Marinetti, moves through the cult of energy in the

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direction of theater and the rally as a means of manipulating crowds. Art in their work leans toward mass seduction, toward the reconstruction of society through ritual violence and war.

But the greatest artists have, I believe, avoided both extremes. In 1925 Hans Arp and El Lissitzky published an odd, trilingual pamphlet called *Die Kunstismen*. They identify 15 art movements by short quotations from their champions. The entire enterprise of distinguishing between art movements is set by Arp in the right perspective with two unsigned articles, written in his deadpan style and faltering English:

EXPRESSIONISM
From cubism and futurism has been chopped the minced meat, the mystic german beefsteak: expressionism.

METAPHYSICIANS
To represent the immaterial by the material is the problem of the metaphysicians. As futurists they would put fire to the museums, as metaphysicians they are happy to use museums as asylums for the old age. This is the punishment for having wished to measure eternity with three cowstalls.

ROGER SHATTUCK

Roger Shattuck is Commonwealth Professor of French at the University of Virginia. His latest book, *The Innocent Eye: On Modern Literature and the Arts*, has recently been published in paperback (Washington Square Press).

SLEIGHT OF HAND

Mortal Rivals: Superpower Relations from Nixon to Reagan by William G. Hyland

(Random House, 271 pp., $19.95)

In this decade and much of the last, memories of détente have been a stick with which to beat political opponents. One side charges that the other was duped by the Soviets, the other replies that too-tough policies shattered a chance for peace. Now that its peak is 15 years behind us, the goals, assumptions, and practices of détente may begin to get a more dispassionate look. William Hyland's book is a helpful step in that direction. It combines an insider's feel, derived from tenure in the Nixon, Ford, and (briefly) Carter administrations, with an outsider's detachment.

Surveying the twists and turns of American diplomacy since the late '60s, Hyland, who is now editor of *Foreign Affairs*, argues that every administration has in time settled on something like the détente policies initiated by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger: checking the Soviets where we must, engaging them in negotiations wherever we can. But he notes that domestic support for such a balanced strategy is always shaky, because the American people are, deep down, both reluctant to sustain a global role and unhappy about doing any business with the Communists. This view of the world, at once isolationist and confrontational, hinders presidents and their advisers who try to free themselves from wishful thinking and moralistic blinders, who make a cool assessment of the power balance their first responsibility, who believe that defending the national interest depends on presenting a consistent face to both friends and adversaries. In a phrase that echoes loudly today, Hyland says it helps if policy can be, as détente was, "implemented not by a cumbersome bureaucracy but by a small group, operating mostly in secret, with a relatively free hand, and backed by the immense power of the presidency."

This critique—that Americans are inconstant and impetuous, that they prefer *glasnost* to realpolitik—is familiar and a little easy; but it is the core of a sophisticated argument. It is the common thread in Hyland's treatment of two very different congressional checks on foreign policy in the '70s: the Clark amendment (which kept the Ford administration from countering Cuban intervention in Angola) and the Jackson-Vanik amendment (which kept it from granting trade privileges to the Soviets). One reflected post-Vietnam paralysis; the other, anti-

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communist ideology. For Hyland, both needlessly restrained American power where it could have been effective.

He believes the same kind of analysis clarifies current policy as well. In making the overdreaded Soviet menace of the late 1970s into the underdreaded "sick bear" of the late 1980s, he insists, the Reagan administration has misread the facts and inflated its own accomplishments. Certainly, when alarmism gives way so quickly to complacency the thinking behind both may be somewhat shallow. Hyland's own judgment is that we will not know for at least a half century whether the Soviet Union really is in decline. Even then, he says, it will not simply acquiesce in the breakup of its power position.

ALL THIS sounds like just the long, unrattled view we need. Yet the real contribution of *Mortal Rivals* may be less what it says about the desirability of realpolitik than what it reveals about the inner calculations on which détente operated. Understanding these makes it possible to judge the policy on its own terms—that is, in terms of power and interest—and to weigh some of the criticisms that were (and still are) made of it. It used to be said, for example, that the Nixon administration overstated its ability to manipulate the Soviets (just what Hyland now says of the Reagan administration). What we think of such a verdict depends in part on how Kissinger and his colleagues weighed the balance of power: Did they believe the United States came to the table with a strong hand, and how much did they expect to walk away with?

Ask Kissingerian questions of Kissingerian policies and something interesting happens. In Hyland's telling, a concern with the balance of power turns out in fact to mean focusing not on the long term but on the short. Rather than a source of consistency, the power balance seems a finely tuned indicator that tips repeatedly back and forth, year by year, yielding opposite policy implications with each turn. In the late 1960s, according to Hyland, the Soviets were "enormously more powerful" than they had been just a few years before. As a result, Soviet-American relations became stalemated. Shortly thereafter, however, a major turn *against* Moscow in the "raw power balance" helped things start to go better for the United States. And Soviet concessions began to pour in. But again, the improvement was short-lived. Once Brezhnev sensed the next shift of the "correlation of forces"—this time in his favor—he became harder to contain in the Third World.

ONE HAS TO wonder about changes of such scope that occur with such frequency and that seem to explain so much. Hyland ingeniously traces the impact of these fluctuations, but the picture that results may exaggerate American control over events. Hyland contends, for example, that the United States was able to end the Vietnam War on satisfactory terms because it had by then embraced détente with both the Soviet Union and China. Presumably he means that without the new diplomatic constellations created by détente, the Soviets and Chinese would have encouraged Hanoi to hold out for tougher terms in the Paris peace talks, or would have scotched a settlement altogether. Yet Nixon's own trips to Moscow and Beijing, and the agreements reached there, showed that the United States was quite prepared for better relations with both countries even as the war continued. And if the Soviets really did let the United States get out of Vietnam on better terms than our bargaining position alone would have permitted, if they nudged the Vietnamese into peace, there should have been some sign of their effort. But neither *Mortal Rivals* nor the memoirs by Kissinger and by Nixon mention a single helpful step that the Soviets took in ending the war in Vietnam. To the contrary, Hyland reports that Soviet ambassador Dobrynin brushed off one of Kissinger's requests for help by "bluntly ask[ing] what was in it for Moscow if the Vietnam War ended." (American officials might remember this exchange the next time a Soviet appeals for our help in ending the Afghan war.)

Hyland is right, of course, that Vietnam and détente were related. But the real link was more a matter of American domestic politics than of diplomacy. At home, a consensus in favor of withdrawal was easier to build because détente—in particular the administration's ability to play the Chinese and Soviets against each other—was expected to limit the consequences of defeat. As a result, the Soviet refusal to help us out didn't seem to matter so much. We ended the war less by manipulating our adversaries than by manipulating ourselves.

Equally puzzling is the way Hyland brings Eastern Europe into his analysis of détente. After the Polish riots of December 1970, he records, the in-house National Security Council conclusion was that Moscow would now put out more lines to Washington. In this view, the Soviets had been inclined to concentrate on improving relations with West Germany alone, but the riots in Gdansk and elsewhere convinced them they needed a "wider détente," a political stabilization directly endorsed by the United States. From this unexpected turn of events, the administration felt its hand palpably strengthened.

This is a subtle appraisal—discontent in Poland helping to advance the SALT talks and other negotiations—but it is not easy to be sure of its logic. Our experts couldn't really have believed that the Polish workers would stop rising up once Washington and Moscow launched a process of accommodation. It's thinkable that the Soviets hoped a "wider détente" would prevent the United States from exploiting such dangerous situations when they arose. But even assuming that this idea crossed the Kremlin's collective mind, one has to show that Soviet concerns were great enough to produce a change of strategy toward the West. The passivity of Western policy after the Hungarian revolution of 1956 and the Czech invasion of 1968, and, for that matter, after the 1970 riots themselves—which the Nixon administration did not play up—carried the opposite message: that American interference was not so big a risk that the Soviets needed expensive insurance against it. Remember, we are weighing each side's bargaining position as coldbloodedly as possible here. Yet Hyland's analysis keeps coming out the same: Moscow *needed* détente, and we could play its need to our advantage.

NOWHERE IS this confidence in the manipulability of the Soviet Union clearer than in Hyland's discussion of its fear of China. Brezhnev, Dobrynin, and others openly advertised their anxiety to Kissinger and Nixon, and devised a string of proposals for an understanding with Washington against Beijing. Hyland's book gives a special twist to one such episode—Nixon's visit to Moscow in 1974, with his resignation just two months away. Anticipating his demise, the Soviets refused to wrap up a new arms control treaty. Looking back, Hyland argues that Nixon might well have reached an agreement and come home in glory (perhaps even have stayed in office) had he been willing to show "a

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hint of interest" in Brezhnev's latest anti-China proposal—that the United States and the Soviet Union sign a nonaggression pact.

Hyland's story of how Nixon successfully resisted temptation ("it must have been agonizing for [him]") has been told differently by Kissinger, whose memoirs record that Nixon *did* want to work something out with Brezhnev. Kissinger says he threatened to resign rather than carry out the president's order. In any event, the real question is whether the Soviet probe created an important American opening. What Hyland calls a proposal "to police the world" seems in retrospect far less than that. It was doubtless an attempt to overawe China at a time when the United States was improving relations with both Communist powers. But other evidence of Soviet policy in the mid-'70s suggests that jointly "policing the world" was far from Moscow's goal. The Soviets were plainly eager to engineer a psychological reversal at China's expense—if it could be arranged without exorbitant concessions to the United States. The very vagueness of Brezhnev's proposal suggests that he wanted the atmospheric benefits of an anti-Chinese alliance without accepting the down-to-earth costs. And even if Brezhnev did have something grander in mind, he would hardly have accepted American arms control proposals on the spot in response to a mere "hint of interest" from Nixon.

In all these cases—Vietnam, Eastern Europe, Sino-Soviet relations—American leverage was probably less than it seemed at the time. This was not because America was weak, but because strength is not the same thing as bargaining leverage. Kissinger and his colleagues insisted that they were in the diplomatic driver's seat, and so they were. Still, the deft moves that produced détente did not really change the terms of the American withdrawal from Vietnam. The Soviets' difficulties in their own empire were also serious; but these did not create new negotiating opportunities either. And as strong as Brezhnev's obsession with China was, it could not really have given Nixon a way out of Watergate.

The innovative element of détente, in retrospect, was not the effort to reduce East-West tensions; other administrations had done the same. Nor was it the assumption that the Soviet Union could be contained without using American power; nobody thought anything of the sort. What was truly distinctive about détente, as *Mortal Rivals* makes clear, was the notion that even the most subtle shifts in the balance of power can have diplomatic consequences. These ups and downs seemed constantly to alter the East-West equation, making almost anything a bargaining chip or a subject of superpower negotiation. (One of Hyland's extraordinary revelations is that in 1974, to reignite the SALT talks, the Ford administration offered to close the large U.S. naval base at Rota, Spain.)

Seen this way, diplomacy becomes more a contest of skill and less a test of strength. It is a game of well-played hands and delicate timing, or, for the losers, of missed opportunities and bad guesses. Nixon's phrase "an era of negotiation" was only a slogan, but it expressed a strong undercurrent of policy. In the theory and practice of détente, agile bargaining tactics—not grand strategy—were decisive. Like shrewd investors who pick their spots and make lots of money even in bad markets, the makers of détente carefully studied the power trends for new openings. The conservative investor's strategy—buy-and-hold—was not their watchword.

This bold operating style may in the end have had a lot to do with the controversy surrounding détente. In their public rhetoric, to be sure, Kissinger and his colleagues placed the heaviest emphasis on continuity, predictability, reliability—all the virtues democratic foreign policy is allegedly incapable of sustaining. But the strategy they devised and applied did not make it easier to defend these virtues. It may even have undermined them—by enthroning nuance and the pursuit of marginal advantage, by following many truths rather than one, and (here the legacy remains very powerful even today) by making agreements with adversaries the primary measure of foreign policy success. It was détente's fate that diplomacy came to be seen as something of a black art, practiced according to methods that were hard to explain—and, when events turned sour, even harder to defend.

STEPHEN SESTANOVICH

Stephen Sestanovich recently joined the Center for Strategic and International Studies, where he will be director of Soviet studies.

TOUR OF DUTY

Coasting: A Private Voyage by Jonathan Raban

(Simon and Schuster, 302 pp., $17.95)

In 1979 Jonathan Raban piloted a 16-foot aluminum skiff down the length of the Mississippi. He put in at Minneapolis and the big water bore him away—an intrepid, keen-eyed cell adrift on the main artery of America. Or so it seemed. As Raban reported in *Old Glory*, his account of that trip, America's main artery had become a backwater. Town after town had looked away from the Mississippi as if it were a gutter of bad dreams, and the few persons still living square to the river had gone crazy with the view. Raban had intended to slide down the center of America, but he patrolled its periphery instead. It is a measure of his intelligence that from the periphery he conjured the center.

The voyage Raban undertakes in his new book, *Coasting*, is peripheral by design. He proposes, simply, to surround England by sea—in a 40-foot ketch called the Gosfield Maid—and keep its significance from escaping. To learn what has become of himself and his home, Raban mans a sailor's coast-watch. This is heart-chafing work for which the author is spectacularly well qualified by temper. He is a wry traveler who is confused by the evidence of his being and who pines for "the escape valve of a wilderness"—that "elemental point of continuity from which it's possible to measure the pace of the civilization on its outer rim." For Raban, the sea is the wilderness and center, Britain only a well-lit camp on its flank.

As the subtitle says, Raban's was also a private voyage of a kind that lifts *Coasting* right out of the literature of travel. The sailing, the navigating, even the circling of England—these are all things a reader might dream of duplicating. But Raban makes landfalls on an ut-

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terly private country. "If only," he writes, "one could go back to all the stages and places of one's life, as a stranger, out of the blue . . . couldn't one emerge at the end as a domestic Columbus, the true discoverer of a doorstep empire?" This sounds promising on land, but from the water England looks like a shifty place, "withdrawn, preoccupied, and inward—a gloomy house, all its shutters drawn, its eaves dripping, its fringe of garden posted against trespassers." He fears it will betray him, that he will not get the "test," the "reckoning," the "voyage of territorial conquest" or "homecoming" he hopes for.

TO SAY that something travels well means that it comes out looking at journey's end much as it did at the start. In that sense, Raban does not travel well. His schemes—touring Arabia, floating the Mississippi, coasting England—are empty vessels waiting to be laden with his doubtful character. When he travels he hazards himself, a fact acknowledged at the start of *Old Glory*. A business-suited man approaches him in a Minneapolis restaurant, asks if he is Jonathan Raban, and then walks away with no ado. "I supposed that he must have been settling a bet. I found it saddening that the business suit might have won a dollar by establishing my identity. I would not have risked a bet on it myself."

One cause of this diffidence is Raban's father, an Anglican clergyman who nearly daunted his son to death. He was the kind of man who travels famously well, who goes out Army and Church of England and returns the same, only tanner. He is the most distinguished member of a crowd of such people in this book. "They all talked," Raban says, "in the voice which, heard across the distance of a *souk*, or a patch of jungle . . . puts you instantly and depressingly in mind of gin-and-tonic, cavalry twill . . . and the Queen's head on the stamp." Raban shares their accent but not the zeal born of their national character. He is their opposite, a coaster, "someone who uses the minimum of effort to go down a slippery slope on the margin of things."

After a few months' sailing, Raban settles into his own proper mess, the clutter of independence, the self-contained detritus of traveling. He begins to resemble Robinson Crusoe, who, early on, was a coaster too: "You start by keeping warm and end up with do-it-yourself theology." This is dangerous stuff for a descendant of "Victorian half-pay officers and frowning clergymen and lawyers," the son of a man who trawled for souls, his cassock "ballooning round him like a black spinnaker." Everything about the Gosfield Maid—its books, its theology, its heading—suggests a pilot who goes about "keeping the sky up by keeping on the run."

Nearly half of *Coasting* belongs to Raban's past of parsonages, patria, and "the pitiless egotism of the thwarted child." It is brilliant, warm, funny stuff. The rest belongs to present-day England and is more acerbic but equally good. Aboard the Gosfield Maid, whose launching resembled "the eccentric submersion of a thatched tudor cottage," Raban is less land-tied than he was in a rowboat on the Mississippi. It gives him an added obliquity to English society. When he blows into port he finds waiting a terse, constrained people, not abandoned to self-exposure like the Americans he met on his river voyage. Because of these things, *Coasting* does not have the Dickensian sprawl of *Old Glory*, with its astonishing, lunatic chorus of lost souls. (Will these people, you wonder, embarrassed, ever shut up? And at the same time you pray they won't.)

What it has instead is a compact register of symbols. Raban's upbringing gave him an uncanny alertness to the images Britain uses to render itself and to the behavioral forms that underlie them:

> There was good reason to believe that our clannish island was the very center of the world. . . . If the Church Triumphant was at the heart of all living things, then the Anglican parsonage was the living heart of the Church. My father's study was the source of all moral and spiritual authority in the world as we knew it.

Instead of piety, Raban learned the hollowest kind of politeness: "Being polite meant that you had to be a prig and lie through your teeth. I was a paragon of politeness. My lies scaled new heights of daring; my priggishness shone like a saint's inner light."

No one is funnier or more damning than a reformed prig. Raban is a guide through labyrinths of decency, a close reader of unwritten proprieties. He has the queasy strength of someone who has watched his stoutest defenses vanish like smoke. In ordinary times, England would be spectacle enough for a wit like his, and his England would be entertainment aplenty for the reader. But while the Gosfield Maid coasted the country, the country, in a fit of priggish violence, went to war with Argentina. This awoke in Parliament and the press a jingoistic precedent-mongering that demonstrated a simple point: the British are as prodigal with their past as Americans are with their tongues.

Raban argues ironically that the Falkland Islands were the perfect occasion for a battle because their blankness "gave them the lucid purity of a symbol" that the British could supply with whatever meanings they chose. Naturally they chose the meanings they were having trouble getting a fix on. "Between Friday morning and Sunday afternoon," Raban writes, "the Falkland Islands accumulated a huge bundle of significations. They meant Tradition, Honor, Loyalty, Community, Principle—they meant the whole web and texture of being British." In short, "Port Stanley was the Hemel Hempstead of the southern world."

RABAN SAYS at one point that the British fleet sailed to Argentina because "England had run out of symbols." But England has not so much run out of symbols as it has bankrupt and refinanced them. Beneath Raban's analysis of the Falklands War and the tourist trade—two seemingly unrelated subjects—lies his sense that history has marooned the British and that the British have retaliated by trivializing history. This is partly human nature. In Hull, once a booming fishing port, Raban listens to a boy who says, " 'The Fishing's long gone now, mister,' as if he were speaking of the slave trade," and comments, "This was how wounds healed in a civilization. Almost as soon as they were inflicted they became part of History—the deadly pleasure indulged in by old men blathering on with stories that make young men yawn."

But trivial history makes good business as well as good war. For tourists, London becomes "a cabinet of famous icons" and Rye "a work of sentimental art—a depiction of life, not life in its own right. It was crude art, too, starved of paradox and contingent detail." In the chapter called "The Merrying of England," it becomes clear that travel as a "state of being, not a journey to a desti-

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nation," holds no inherent value for Raban. Travel of the kind for which England merries itself is just a pageant of empty symbols bound only by the maudlin imaginings of commerce.

Raban has a genius for stumbling upon scenes that send up the farce of merrie England. Returning to the boat after watching a Bonfire Society parade in Brighton, he passed "a pair of Puritans snogging energetically in a bus shelter. A little farther on, I heard a Victorian in a tailcoat and stovepipe hat inquiring of an Ancient Briton in woad, 'Where was the fuckin' pub we was in last year, then?' " And off the west coast of Scotland, moored by a gale, he wanders into an evening that epitomizes the way Britain has become an artistic imitation of itself:

> If you were looking for a memorable player in the Masque of Britain, could you do better than to find a Minneapolitan of Swedish extraction, wearing Dress Gordon and pretending to be a houseguest at a shooting party in a Scottish baronial lodge which was actually a hotel run by Mormons from Upper New York State?

Though Raban can be caustically funny, he never grows strident. Even in the dourest parts of *Coasting*, he registers effects rather than assigns blame. He has a gentle way of reducing long-term causal relationships to comic visions of immediate conflict. When he visits his parents in Southampton, he finds it impossible to connect the pleasant old man he sees with his daunting pater. The only "plummy curate" in the room is the author, lecturing his mother on the Thatcher government: "Listening to myself, I heard the wittering accent of a 1950s cleric in full cry, but couldn't stop." Behind everything he says about Britain and himself, one can hear his comment on Philip Larkin's poetry: "If poems can teach one anything, Larkin's teach that there is no desolation so bleak that it cannot be made habitable by style. If we live inside a bad joke, it is up to us to learn, at best and worst, to tell it well."

The final, purest pleasure of *Coasting* is the sea. Of Hilaire Belloc, who was a desperate early coaster, Raban says, "He does for water what landscape painters do for trees and rocks and architecture; he gives it unforgettable body and life." The same can be said for Raban. At the end of the book, he is living ashore in Essex, preparing for a voyage well out of sight of land, one that will require astronomy and the use of the sextant. He is impatient to embark on the element that has always been a symbol of mutability. But Raban knows differently. Land is mutable, and water is not. The map of a true wilderness never needs redrafting. This time, you feel, he will sail between two permanent grids: the sea and the stars that give it bearing.

VERLYN KLINKENBORG

Verlyn Klinkenborg teaches writing and literature at Fordham University and is the author of *Making Hay* (Nick Lyons Books).

RENAISSANCE REAL ESTATE

The French Peasantry, 1450-1660 by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie translated by Alan Sheridan

(University of California Press, 447 pp., $50)

The great *Social and Economic History of France*, published in the 1970s under the direction of Fernand Braudel and Ernest Labrousse, can be compared to the *Cambridge Economic History*, except that the former is focused on a single country: France. And within the vast scope of the French tomes, Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie's contribution can in turn be compared to the section that David Landes wrote for the *Cambridge Economic History*'s volume on the Industrial Revolution, reincarnated as the classic *Unbound Prometheus* (1969).

Landes treated technology and the explosion of productivity that its applications wrought during the 18th and 19th centuries. Le Roy Ladurie deals with agriculture, the variations in agricultural production, and the lives of those engaged in agriculture or affected by it, roughly from the 15th century to the 18th. Contrasting subjects in quite different ages, each dominant in its own time, each the major economic factor of its time, each brilliantly treated by a great historian. Now Alan Sheridan's excellent translation allows English readers to place Le Roy Ladurie's account of *The French Peasantry* beside Landes's *Unbound Prometheus*, to appreciate it as a highly specialized, but stylish and human, addition to the short list of classics in economic history.

Several of Le Roy Ladurie's works are already available in English, beginning with the books that made his name just 20 years ago: a history of the climate since A.D. 1000, astutely translated by Barbara Day as *Times of Feast, Times of Famine*; and his majestic *Peasants of Languedoc*. These are works for specialists. The general public is better acquainted with *Montaillou*, the story of a Pyrenean village in the 14th century, and *Carnival in Romans*, the bloody tale of a 16th-century riot in a small town in southeast France. Both show Le Roy Ladurie at his storytelling best, squeezing life and local color out of dusty documents. The master of quantification is also a master historian: like the ogre in the fairy tale, the scent of flesh and blood attracts him more than statistics. Graphs and figures are grist to a mill that grinds fine only to bring past people and societies back to life.

Characteristically, the present book begins with the story of a property called La Cicogne, near Tours. Prosperous and populous in the 1200s, it was ruined 200 years later by war, plague, and economic crisis: "no buildings, no dwelling-houses, no land in cultivation." No humans either; just brambles and brush over wasted land. About 1450 comes peace, and a laborer named Perrin Bordebure takes over the fallow land. He builds himself a hut of split logs with a roof of thatch, reeds, and broom, and rebuilds it twice after it burns down; he clears the ground, leaving some scrub for grazing and some woodland for timber and for acorns (remember the pigs!); and he grows rich. His new house would be roofed with tiles, his barn with shingles. A son and four sons-in-law turned the property Perrin had rented from the canons of Saint-Martin-de-Tours "for 30 sous a year in perpetuity" into a hamlet. By 1493 the five households descended from the founding father could even af-

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ford a court case against their clerical landlords from the town.

This is a typical Ladurian parable of historical evolution situated in space and time—an instance of small triumphs achieved by normally unsung heroes in the ceaseless struggle to survive that fills peasant lives with all the excitement of *Star Wars*. Perrin Bordebure deserved a small memorial. Few others would have had the gumption to make him the centerpiece of a morality tale.

Whence this talent? The answer may lie in another book that deserves to be translated, because it offers what few historians have vouchsafed us: the tale of a historian's evolution. In the occurrence, an autobiography. Published in 1982, *Paris-Montpellier* is mostly about Le Roy Ladurie's political experiences, from joining the French Communist Party in 1949 to leaving it after the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956 and going on to experiment with a variety of socialist commitments in the years that followed. It is also the *Bildungsroman* of the generation of French intellectuals who gravitated to communism in the 1940s and left it, for the most part, in the 1950s and '60s.

But in Le Roy Ladurie's case, it is a *Bildungsroman* with a difference. Scion of an old Norman family connected with the land, with the Church, and with the right (his father, before he joined the Resistance, had been a minister of Pétain's), Le Roy Ladurie's history would be colored by his background. His first 15 years were spent in a world not quite lost—the premodern world of Catholic colleges, Norman farmers, and the small provincial capital Caen—that made the imaginative recapture of the past less impossible. This must have helped to form a historian who knows intuitively that quantification can contribute to the cumulative reality of past experience revived, but empathy and deftness alone can bring the figures to life. The past is never quite past. We can step into the same river twice—imaginatively. But if counting helps in the immersion, only art can recreate experience.

So Le Roy Ladurie's history is colored by his origins. Inevitably, it is also colored by his politics. Politics were part of growing up, of shedding provincial indifference for cosmopolitan commitment. (Leaving the Communist Party, which he did in 1956, was of course another step in growing up.) A Marxist, Le Roy Ladurie was interested in economics. For his doctoral thesis, he wanted to study the international economic crisis of 1873. But he was teaching at Montpellier, far to the south of Paris where the libraries and the archives are. He had to pick a local subject: it would be the peasants of Languedoc.

As a good Marxist, he hoped to learn about the development of bourgeois landed property, from the primitive accumulation dear to Marx to the more advanced forms of rural capitalism. As a good historian, he found things did not quite work that way. Tracking down capital accumulation, he discovered untapped sources: land-survey registers in which one could trace the evolution of property-holding across the centuries, tithe accounts where one could trace the revenues to be drawn from the land. He found that the movements he traced were not linear and teleological, but tidal. Rural population (four-fifths of the French people) surged forward between the 11th and the 13th centuries, when so much land was cleared; it subsided in the 14th and 15th centuries under the impact of plagues and wars; it rose again in the 16th century to its 14th century levels, stabilized in the 17th century, swept on once more in the 18th century.

Through it all, land remained the basic element of the economy; and the relation of man and land was controlled by these vast demographic, biological fluctuations far more than by any inevitable trend to-

Letter From A Friend On Her Anniversary

As always in fall I dream the house burns
and I walk toward him all night through flaming rooms

leaving you behind as if you were myself
calling me back. Sometimes I sit with him

all night on the lawn, watching the planets
and remote stars keeping their violence

at such a distance we call them peaceful. We sit
until daylight. Across the street, girls arrive

in pairs for early service, their pale eyes still
and wide open, looking past us, past the church,

away from this world, bright with longing.
They don't need to see how autumn burns

their city, across the foothills, the horizon,
the cold sky. They will never die. This world

is nothing to them. We pull down the last of the bottle
and think perhaps we could sleep soon.

He touches my cheek, the bruises
still rising as they did that night

when I told you it doesn't matter, as if
you could believe me. Believe me, I don't shy

from his hand. I wait for it
to coax a blush, a bruise, blood

where the skin gives. It's all the same
in love. In the house, the drapes lift

as if in a breeze, our figures only shadows
of the flame. If I turned and ran

what could I save? Only my body, dry tinder,
that moves me toward him. My good friend,

for him, for the one right touch,
I will lie to you. You know I have always been bad

at my life, and that it is all I have.

Katharine Coles

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ward capitalism. Peasant property, cut up small in periods of demographic growth, would be reconcentrated when population shrank in times of anarchy and plague, then parceled up again, and so on. The unilinear model with which the young researcher started gave way to an image of pendular motion, a sort of oscillation closer to breathing in and out: the vast breath (he called it) of a social structure reflected in the ups and downs of its real estate.

But while landownership varied with circumstances, productivity proved less elastic. The tithes, which provide a rough measure of what the land produced, suggested limits of production, limits against which a rising population bumped or crashed again and again with Malthusian results. What Le Roy Ladurie realized in the 1950s has become a commonplace of the 1970s and '80s: premodern peasants lived on the knife-edge of subsistence. Peace and good harvests meant earlier marriages and more survivors, a rise in population, lower wages, and higher land prices. Meanwhile productivity could not follow demand, expansion was fragile, recurrent crises regulated demographic pressures. Only in the 18th century did expanding urban labor markets and improvements in agriculture break the infernal cycle and emancipate at least some peasants from the limits within which they had moved for so long: the eternal (dis)order of ages.

THESE IDEAS, which *Peasants of Languedoc* illustrated on a regional scale, are now developed with a wealth of new detail in *The French Peasantry, 1450-1660*. Those two centuries were a time when France (the hexagon of today, rather than the historical entity then still in the making) went from roughly ten million to just below 20 million. Twenty million was where the kingdom's population had stood around 1330, before plagues, wars, famines, spiraling economic and demographic crises, all aggravating each other, had halved the population within a century. This was when Perrin Bordebure seized his chance. Between 1450 and 1560 population rose back to 20 million—a ceiling to be maintained for 150 years by primitive agricultural techniques, lethal epidemics, poverty, scarcity, de facto food rationing—and by late marriage and continence used, *faute de mieux*, as contraceptive weapons.

This is what, in contrast to worse times, we call an ascendant period. It was marked by higher fertility, earlier marriage, and lower mortality. Renaissance wives married around 21, their 17th-century descendants married around 24 or 25—a difference sufficient to account for a couple of babies. So land abandoned between 1340 and 1450 was reclaimed, grain production recovered, wine-growing expanded, people were better fed, the swathes of death became less statistically cruel. Result: with each generation rural holdings were divided more, smallholders were more pauperized. Decline in plot size was not offset by improved agricultural methods, but the negative fluctuations of the 17th century were never quite as dreadful as those in the first half of the 15th century. So, overall population did not decline over the long term, but stabilized; and the rural ecosystem ground on, drifting slowly, very slowly, in some parts, toward larger estates and commercialized agriculture.

Improvement was relative, to say the least. When rapine, famine, or the master did not deprive the peasant of what surplus he had, the state's tax gatherers stepped in; and these grew greedier all the time. So did the land-owning classes, whose estates flowered with farmhouses and châteaux built out of profits squeezed from the lower wages and harsher conditions imposed on the peasantry. All the building and prosperity of a 17th century that wasn't half bad for the better off were paid for by the long-standing poverty of day laborers and small ploughmen—a shift in wealth that involved a polarization of economic status. As Le Roy Ladurie comments, Marx's analysis of this process in *Capital* was paradoxically truer for the 17th century than for the second half of the 19th century. Rebellious peasants bore witness to this. As the bitter *croquants* of Périgord said in 1595 about the profiteers who snatched their land and deprived them of their livelihood, "Our ruin is their wealth." Few waited for Proudhon to restate the obvious, that property was theft.

One should add that Le Roy Ladurie finds little anti-feudalism in these rural revolts: rather reactions against overtaxation, centralization, and bureaucracy. Peasant revolts were traditionalist, rooted in regional reality against the centralizing state, respectful of local privileges, relying on the microstructures of the past. They were the more effective, hence the more revolutionary, to the extent that they were reactionary. And effective these revolts were: bloodily repressed, yet reducing taxes, holding centralizing aggression at bay, paring the power of state representatives, at least for some generations. That may be why the 17th century ended in a general atmosphere of depression and severe (but short-lived) crises, but without abysmal catastrophes.

The standard of living remained very low for most, yet enough survived to fuel the 18th-century take-off after the death of Louis XIV brought relief, or coincided with it. Then the population broke through the 20 million barrier. By 1790 it stood near 30 million: a growth that threw on the labor market masses of young men looking for work, whose frustrations in the 1780s and '90s were to feed revolutionary discontent and, in due course, the armies of the revolution and Napoleon. During the same period, France shifted from the old system, where most agricultural produce was consumed by the producers, or exchanged through barter, or handed over as dues in kind, to the more familiar mediation of market prices. The French peasantry would take another century to complete the move into a market economy, but this is where we see them, gingerly, taking the first steps.

LE ROY LADURIE'S conclusion presents an 18th century in which urban expansion in a regime with poor agricultural activity goes hand in hand with an expanding population of agricultural producers. In the century of Louis XV and Louis XVI, the marriageable age of peasant women begins to drop again, famine disappears, amenorrhea caused by malnutrition decreases. There are more roads, there is more commerce, there is more grain to store in properly built barns; hunger declines, and so do the effects of war. Villages, or groups of villages, become less isolated, and endogamy begins—but just begins—to break down. The possibility of owning land seems to increase again and, with it, female fertility begins to decline with the limited spread of coitus interruptus, one of the deadly secrets learned from town. Attitudes toward children begin to change, as do views of the couple—which a few, then more, come to regard as intended more for pleasure than for child production. Men and women begin to live together out of wedlock. And they live a bit longer.

For Le Roy Ladurie, the modest increase of well-being that can be traced between 1715 and 1789 is rather a diminution of ill-being, a slight

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improvement in the standard of living, a beginning of economic growth, no revolutionary change in agricultural practices but a certain increase in agricultural production. Seen from the 20th century the difference seems slight. Seen from the 16th century the progress is significant.

Peasants became more numerous, more mobile, even more literate. Some looked ahead and no longer wanted to live exactly like their ancestors. The trend was set for the better. For how long? A historian of the *longue durée* is permitted to wonder. When, in April 1987, an international conference in Washington discussed dissent and freedom in the Soviet Union, Le Roy Ladurie (reported the *New York Times* of April 17) "recounted alternate periods of freedom and repression in France in the past and suggested a parallel existed in the Soviet Union today. 'Will contemporary conditions last?' he asked. 'Perhaps this is just a soft period.' " Here is a man who knows that the bellows of history are still dilating and contracting.

EUGEN WEBER

Eugen Weber's latest book is *France, Fin-de-siècle* (Harvard University Press).

BECALMED

To the Sargasso Sea by William McPherson

(Simon and Schuster, 461 pp., $18.95)

William McPherson's first novel, *Testing the Current*, told of a small and privileged Midwestern community, circa 1939, as seen through the eyes of an exceptionally perceptive eight-year-old boy. That same narrative voice informs McPherson's new novel, *To the Sargasso Sea*—which is a problem, since the boy is now a 40-year-old man. The year is 1971—after the '60s, and just before Watergate; the time is as becalmed as the geographical anomaly of the title. The Sargasso Sea, McPherson's narrator discovers, is bounded only by water and choked by a brown weed that can deceive sailors into thinking they are near shore. It is a place where true north and magnetic north can differ by as much as 15 degrees, rendering compass readings unreliable. A perfect physical model of uncertainty, it is an apt place for McPherson's book to begin and end.

Little Tommy MacAllister, who changed his name to Andrew at the end of the first book, has become a successful playwright and an established family man, the father of an eight-year-old of his own. The year 1939, when Andrew was still Tommy, was a good choice for McPherson's methods; the reader's sense of foreboding created automatic ironies in the novel's descriptions of a calm and comfortable existence. "It was very smooth, his life: the house, the Island, the country club, his school, the people on his street, the swimmers in his sea," McPherson wrote, while also describing enough subtle discord—notably the hint of an affair between Tommy's mother and a rakish adventurer—to form a realistic picture. But the era he writes about in this second book is less easily categorized. And Andrew looks upon it with his same sense of naive wonder.

Certainly 1971 is a confusing time for Andrew MacAllister, who has little interest in the politics of the day—except to remark upon the absurdity of a woman at a party wearing a bandolier across her chest. Andrew never questions the happiness of his 12-year marriage to a woman named Ann, who is a great deal like his mother in her decorousness, her conventionality, and her careful observance of holiday traditions. Ann, as Andrew notes admiringly, remembers to pack things such as Scotch tape when they travel. She is more than a little maternal in addressing her husband as "my touslehead," more than a little cloying in proclaiming, while in bed with him, "I'm a spoon and you're my soup." Though the book begins with a flash-forward of sorts, an assurance that the turmoil Andrew is about to experience will only make the marriage stronger, we are given ample reason to suppose that his domestic life and sexual identity are far less stable than he imagines.

Though McPherson fully describes the events that threaten to undermine Andrew's serenity, he barely examines the damaging undercurrents that they create. In London, where Andrew, Ann, and their daughter, Julia, have gone for the opening of Andrew's latest play—which is about New Yorkers at a tony Upper East Side address coping with the inconveniences brought on by a citywide strike, and is supposedly very good—Andrew encounters Daisy Meyer, the daring blond beauty who mesmerized him in his youth. Daisy once thrilled Andrew with a lunch of grilled cheese and root beer; now a woman in her mid-50s, she is no less alluring, and not nearly so far out of reach. So Andrew, after a great deal of dry, erudite banter about Vermeer and Van Eyck, finds himself seduced (though even at this passionate moment he maintains an extraordinary awareness of Daisy's pearls, and of the fineness of the Persian carpet on which he lies). His attention is also captured by a coy young man named David, who works hard to engage Andrew in a discussion of the playwright's art but obviously has other things in mind.

At heart, *To the Sargasso Sea* is about shifting sexuality, seen on its own terms but also as a metaphor for changing currents in the consciousness of a nation. But we learn much more about Andrew than we need to know; McPherson devotes a good 20 pages to a slight if charming fairy tale Andrew makes up for his daughter (the animals—a kangaroo, a cobra, and an armadillo—are no less strangely matched than the human characters in the novel). And Andrew's random musings—which can go on for pages and which attempt to link, for instance, the Elgin Marbles, the essential difference between science and art, Freud, the Marquis de Sade, and Dr. Karnov, a therapist whom Andrew once visited—are also given full rein. "Andrew could get quite involved with such ruminations, and he never seemed to get anywhere with them," we are told after one such extended passage.

Andrew's incessant literary name-dropping—and that of every other character in the novel, including a Broadway producer (who quotes Keats), his wife (quoting Auden), and a pornographic filmmaker (who's working on an homage to Shakespeare)—creates an atmosphere of erudition at odds with the absence of astute self-analysis. The constant reference-mongering seems designed to obscure the lack of more fundamental perceptions. It's true that

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Andrew's refusal to see himself clearly and his taste for endless obfuscating are acknowledged. But it's also true that they make him a frustrating figure. Only rarely do his outside references become illuminating, as when he quotes from the prison notebooks of Antonio Gramsci: "The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born; in this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appear." That, in a nutshell, is what McPherson most memorably illustrates about Andrew and his time. But the condition is a form of paralysis, and accordingly difficult to bring to life.

TO THE SARGASSO SEA shares with *Testing the Current* an abundance of rich detail and close observation. It may be that the earlier book's cohesiveness came from McPherson's having divided young Tommy's attention among a sizable number of adults, so that no one figure dominated that book as fully as Andrew does this one; the group portrait was so well drawn that no single dominant figure was needed. In any case, *To the Sargasso Sea* echoes its predecessor to such a degree that the earlier book is virtually required reading. This makes *To the Sargasso Sea* incomplete in some ways, though it also gives it the added weight and resonance of the familiar.

We hear, then, what has become of some of those earlier relatives and family friends, and we even find the same artifacts Tommy accumulated in those days: at one point, Andrew pulls out a box of memorabilia and rummages through a number of charged objects readers of *Testing the Current* are bound to recall. The same family jewelry is still being worn on special occasions and described with reverence and interest. Andrew's mother even appears for a visit, and McPherson is at his best describing the claustrophobic minutiae of the days Andrew spends with Ann, his mother, and Julia all together.

"What a lovely omelette!" his mother declares at mealtime, with typical politeness, and with the attention to the superficial that so colored Tommy's boyhood. Yet it is during this same visit that Andrew can finally ask about her rumored infidelity (if the answer is unsatisfactory, at least he has attempted the question). It is also during this visit that he gazes out the window of his study and finds to his surprise the spectacle of a pornographic movie being filmed in the building next door. This is the dead end in which McPherson places Andrew: surrounded by impenetrable gentility, taking quiet refuge in his own circular thoughts, staring with powerless fascination at the sexual free-for-all that is just out of reach.

JANET MASLIN

Janet Maslin is a film critic for the *New York Times*.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

the next century. This, unlike some projects to which we are asked to "contribute," is an unmistakably high-minded undertaking.

DENIS DREW
Chicago, Illinois

VIOLETS ARE SHREWD

To the editors:

TRB castigates Bill Bradley, Mario Cuomo, and Sam Nunn for shrinking from placing themselves on the altar as Reagan successors ("Shrinking Violets," June 22). Surely TRB is savvy enough to know that Reagan's legacy leaves disaster to his successor. The humongous national debt and annual deficits, which can only be reversed by severe recession or unpalatable tax increases, will produce a hell on earth for a successor. It is ironic that Reagan will be referred to as the last president to preside over "good" times for the voting classes of the population. It is too bad there cannot be a nullification of the constitutional restriction on the president's tenure, and the probable third term for Reagan so he could suffer the consequences of his excesses.

FRED N. WHITTAKER
Odessa, Texas

TRB, *from page 4*

accused of using big government to shield people from the consequences of their own actions.

Clearly, then, gays and civil libertarians are right that preventing the spread of AIDS is not the whole agenda, or even the main agenda, for the most vigorous advocates of a "tough" policy on AIDS. They are right to be suspicious of what might otherwise be reasonable calls for increased AIDS testing. They are right to suspect that the tragic trade-off between protecting the individual sufferer from discrimination and protecting society is no trade-off at all in the minds of testing's greatest enthusiasts. And they are right, therefore, not to trust promises that the results of testing will not be misused.

Even in situations where AIDS hysteria and discrimination against AIDS victims brings no conceivable public-health benefit, the Reagan administration has been indifferent or worse about the individual side of the equation. It is clear beyond all doubt that AIDS cannot be spread by non-sexual personal contact. Yet Attorney General Ed Meese expressed approval of D.C. policemen who wore bright yellow gloves in handling a gay demonstration at an AIDS conference in May. Until rebuffed by the Supreme Court, the Justice Department took the fatuous position that job discrimination against AIDS carriers is permissible, since "an individual's (real or perceived) ability to transmit a disease is not a handicap" under the law. By this cramped logic, an employer could legally refuse to hire blacks on the grounds of an irrational belief that working near blacks causes cancer.

Secretary Bennett tells of hearing an AIDS-infected prisoner on TV vowing to "infect everyone I can" when he gets out. This, says Bennett, is an example of the terrible new dangers we face. But of course released prisoners have long been inclined to wreak revenge on society, and frequently have done so, even without benefit of AIDS. The "AIDS-as-a-weapon" fear currently so widespread is a wonderful example of superfluous alarm. Anyone who wishes to commit mass murder doesn't need AIDS. He can just pour Drano in the granola bin at the local Safeway (for example). We are all at one another's mercy.

Times of emergency, it's said, are when societal claims are at their peak and individual rights must bend the most. That's true. But times of extremity are also when irrational fears most threaten minority rights. People who lived through, for example, the incarceration of Japanese-Americans during World War II say, "You have to have lived through those times to understand how it could have happened." With luck, and no thanks to our present leaders, it looks as though we will avoid having to say something similar someday.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE DIARIST

To the Head of the Class

I FLEW UP FROM the Cape to Manchester to see my former student, Senator Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee, declare for president. It is a heady experience. Teachers often imagine particular destinies for those they teach. Still, I cannot yet take completely in stride the fact that someone I first knew when he was 17 (and I was 26) is an altogether realistic candidate for the highest office in the land. He doesn't take completely in stride his own running for president, which is as it should be: a healthy skepticism about one's own suitability for the office should be one of the desiderata of the post. Nevertheless, like TRB ("Shrinking Violets," TNR, June 22), I am a little tired of those whom another old student of mine, E. J. Dionne of the *New York Times*, has anointed the "candidates of choice"—Bill Bradley, Sam Nunn, Mario Cuomo—who, with great and variously convincing displays of humility, decline to run. I once heard Golda Meir interrupt the "little ol' me" of an Israeli with the remark: "Don't be so humble, you're not so great." So to the politicians (including my friend Bill Bradley) who have declared themselves not worthy, or not worthy yet, let's say: we believe you. In any case, in not much more than a year there'll be a Republican nominee to defeat. Let's get on with choosing who'll do the job. My choice is Al Gore, who is best positioned to win and whose positions suggest that he'd govern best too.

THERE IS, TO BE SURE, the youthfulness factor. As Joe Grandmaison, the New Hampshire Democratic chairman, puckishly put it to me: "Can one vote for someone for president who is younger than oneself?" If we're lucky, we'll all have to face this prospect in due course. But Gore forces the issue on a generation not yet accommodated to thinking itself middle-aged. Having lived through one geriatric presidency, however, it is hard to imagine that Americans would not positively welcome someone who on January 20, 1989, will be 41 years old, barely a year younger than John Kennedy was when he succeeded Dwight Eisenhower. Some of Gore's admirers have urged him to invoke the youth of the Founding Fathers. It would never occur to Gore to equate himself with these truly great men. But the Framers, in their wisdom, set 35 as the qualifying age for president, and Gore far exceeds that base. People now raising the age issue do so because they have nothing more substantial to raise against Gore—and because they support another candidate who's older.

OH YES, THERE IS also the Tipper Gore matter. The first point to be clarified is that she does not want to censor anything. What she wants is to persuade the entertainment industries to traffic less casually in the lurid aesthetics of violence and violent sexuality. I am all for her, although I know folk who seem to believe that you daren't criticize even the ugliest porn for fear of inviting some full-scale assault on the First Amendment. So for these people, there is the compensating and liberating fact that here is the first genuinely equal marriage in big-time modern Democratic politics. Mrs. Gore does her own thing. In fact, there are probably still places in the country where Al is known as Tipper's husband. This has never vexed or nettled him at all. He doesn't want a smiling and serving cipher for a wife.

THE CROWD AT Manchester's American Legion Hall was large and exuberant. Some savvy locals I'd known in the 1968 McCarthy and 1972 McGovern campaigns pointed out the endorsing presence of activists with know-how and followers. Although the state had been all but ceded to Massachusetts governor Mike Dukakis, one reporter told me there is now a festering resentment against the Duke, who some say thinks New Hampshire owes him. Still, the odds have to be for Dukakis in New Hampshire. Much of the state gets its news from the Boston media, which are so eager to see a local boy make the big run that they cover Dukakis the way *Pravda* covers Gorbachev.

IN TEXAS LATE IN June Dukakis promised "without a doubt" that he'd appoint a Hispanic to the Cabinet. After the meeting, he reneged a bit: "I don't think you can guarantee" a Hispanic appointment. Pressed on the contradiction, he said, "We'll have a Hispanic in the Cabinet because I think it is important. . . ." Not to be outbid, Senator Joseph Biden promised to appoint a Hispanic to the Cabinet and to the Supreme Court also. And what about an Asian, a Native American, a black, a Montenegrin, a Croat, a Slovene, a Bosnian? Wait, this isn't Yugoslavia. Oh yes, Biden also announced that he was considering two Hispanics for his vice presidential running mates. No, he would not say who they were. This frantic pandering is not only humiliating, it is dangerous. By the time Fritz Mondale got through interviewing all the blacks, women, and Hispanics he'd sworn to consider for vice president, he found that he really didn't have anyone he wanted. And since of the dozens and perhaps hundreds of qualified white male politicians in the country he had only interviewed the singularly inapt Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, Mondale was forced to revert to Geraldine Ferraro, an embarrassment and a disaster. He had foreclosed his options and was locked in.

MAYBE AL GORE also will be forced by the modalities of the party into commerce in bloodlines. If so I'll be disappointed. For what has always struck me about this thoughtful young man is his aversion to the dominant formulaic cant of the moment, the Pyrrhic victories of tokens over the deeper necessities of long-term trend and overall content. Al was schooled at the feet of his father and namesake, who alone refused when all the other senators from the South—including the oh, so eminent liberal J. William Fulbright—signed the "Southern Manifesto" against *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Al is a man out of the new progressive South, from which the North has much to learn, even on race. It is time that we had a president with a genuinely complex view of the possibilities and ambiguities of politics. The career of this articulate leader has been an activist's meditation on the tension between traditional values and innovative policy, between a liberal disposition and the fragility of the social fabric, between national patriotism and international interdependence. I am afraid that the other Democrats are still uttering old incantations.

M. P.

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